JULY 22, 1972

Saturday Review

FIFTY CENTS

EDUCATION

When Blue-Collar Students Go to College

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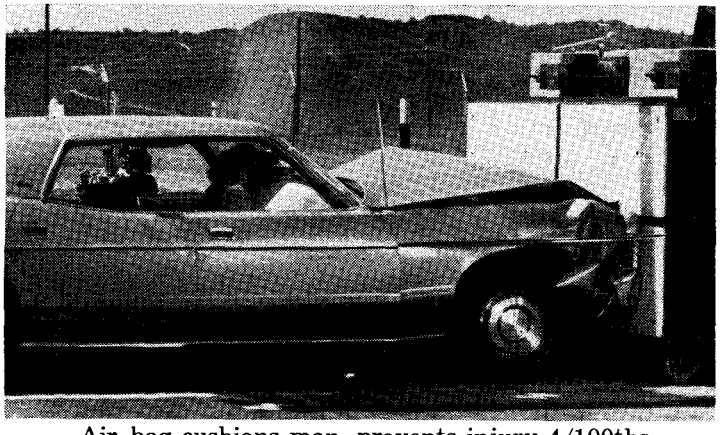

Air bag cushions man, prevents injury 4/100ths of a second after impact.

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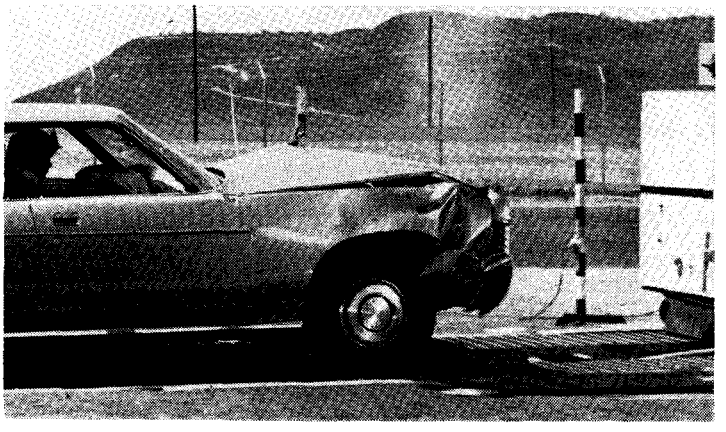

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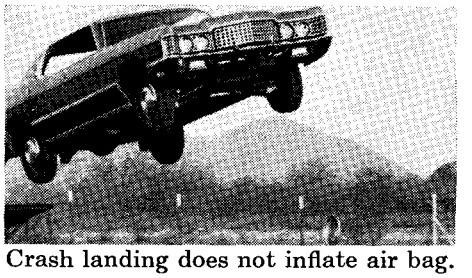

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Saturday Review of Education

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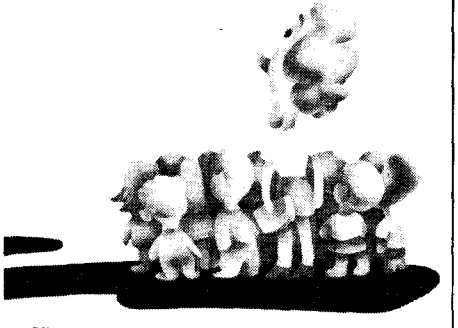

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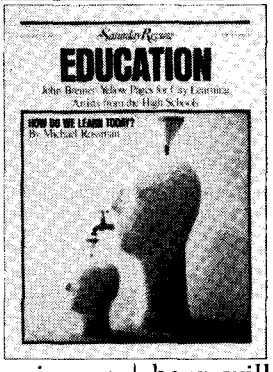
Saturday Review

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT SATURDAY REVIEW, AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

During the past few months *Saturday Review* has been changing, gradually but thoroughly. Some of the changes are obvious. We run color pages in every issue. We regularly commission fine illustrations. Our covers are crisp and modern. Yet if you look carefully, you will see that our new design contains elements that are reminiscent of our ancestor, *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

The Saturday Review
of Literature



While our new look is the most obvious signal of change, it is by no means the most dramatic. *Saturday Review* is no longer just a single magazine. It is becoming a family of four reviews concentrating on four special areas of interest. Our editors cover them on a rotating basis—The Arts one week, Education the next, then The Society, and Science the fourth week. Soon we will be carrying sixty pages of editorial material in *every issue.* As we grow and change, the editors feel more and more strongly that they are engaged in one of the most exciting adventures in all of publishing.

Why four reviews? *SR Arts* concentrates on cultural activities, which are of supreme importance not only because the arts express vital energies but also because they can serve as a clearinghouse of values. The lifelong search for knowledge in all its forms is the focus of *SR Education,* which also examines the concrete issues facing schools, teachers, students, and parents. Our country has never been in more rapid transition, and *SR Society* is attempting to define and answer some of the questions—political, economic, legal, sociological—that confront us with ever greater urgency. *SR Science* deals with a subject that most laymen are eager to know more about but that few major magazines have presented in depth *and* in lucid English.

Although much is new at *SR,* the editors are acutely aware of the magazine's heritage of excellence. Every week, the "back of the book" is devoted to the worlds of literature, music, theater, dance, and film, as well as travel. Up front we've introduced a new section that we call, quite simply, *SR* Up Front. There, four or five observers each week focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event, in accord with the editors' conviction that great trends are sometimes best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale.

Humanity. All the credentials of *SR*'s editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. When executive editor Ron Kriss talks about what motivates a devoted journalist, he likes to quote the Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset: "Everything in the world is strange and marvelous to well-open eyes." Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this magazine. They share a vision: that we can strive for truth, that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea or smother the cry of a single human voice.

We are bringing distinguished voices, some familiar, some new, to *SR.* In a recent issue of *SR Science,* for instance, Isaac Asimov wondered if the speed of light really is the ultimate barrier to interstellar travel. In forthcoming issues Dan Greenberg will open the Pandora's box of science and government. In *SR Society,* John Kenneth Galbraith presented "The Case for George McGovern," and Clark MacGregor, President Nixon's new campaign manager, will soon analyze Republican strategy. *SR Arts* has run articles by French novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet and American critic Richard Poirier; a coming issue will feature Rudolf Bing's memories of twenty-two years with the Metropolitan Opera. In *SR Education,* Sylvia Ashton-Warner recently wrote about teaching in a land of surprises (America), and in this issue Louis Gary explores government aid to parochial schools.

We are planning another change. We will soon move *SR* from New York to San Francisco, so that we can offer the readers of a major magazine a new perspective, a fresh view of what makes this country tick. On the following pages, we want to introduce people who ordinarily appear only as names on the masthead—some of the editors who are changing *Saturday Review.*

THE PUBLISHERS

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(From left to right) **Ronald P. Kriss, Executive Editor,** had written some forty *Time* cover stories and edited thirty more when we asked him to leave one of the most challenging jobs in journalism—foreign editor of *Time*—to take what we consider *the* most challenging of them all. At thirty-eight, he now orchestrates a staff that has recently doubled in size to meet the demands of a complex magazine that is becoming, in effect, a family of magazines.

Ron brings more than twenty years of experience to the job. At Harvard he worked on the *Crimson*. As an army private in Seoul, Korea, he set up a weekly newspaper. After attending the Columbia School of Journalism, where he won a Pulitzer traveling fellowship, he worked in Tokyo as a foreign correspondent for three years. He joined *Time* as a writer and at thirty-four became a senior editor. In that capacity he was responsible for such diverse sections of the magazine as the Nation, Books, Music, Art, Education, Press, Science, Law, and Sports, before taking over the World section. When Ron left *Time*, that magazine ran an article about him titled "Consummate Professional" and described him as having "a gift for clarifying complex issues and an eye for the small but telling detail that can brighten a story."

William P. Hopkins, Executive Art Director, is the former art director of *Look* magazine. Will was raised in Marianna, Arkansas, and studied business at the University of Arkansas. Later he transferred to the Cranbrook Academy of Art, near Detroit. While studying sociology and anthropology at Wayne State, he met his wife, Grace. Later, in Chicago, he worked in graphics for several enterprises, including *Playboy* promotion. Impressed by the design of *Twen*, a German magazine, he went to Munich to work as assistant to the art director. Two years later, he joined *Look*, where he won the National Magazine Award for graphic treatment. He has designed and produced nearly a dozen large-format photographic books, several of which have won awards from organizations of design professionals. Now thirty-six, he has two children.

Robert Cowley, General Managing Editor, came to *SR* from *Horizon*, where he had been managing editor. Now thirty-seven, he is a graduate of Harvard and has been in magazines for sixteen years (with one prolonged break when he lived in Majorca and London). He is writing a book called *False Armistice*, an account of three pivotal years in American life between the World Wars. His wife is a newspaper reporter, both his father and father-in-law are writers, and he owns two golden retrievers. He skis avidly but imprecisely, likes to read Victorian novels on the train (Wilkie Collins is his favorite writer), and he once spent a week wandering over the old Somme battlefields in northern France. He discovered the place, a wheatfield now, where Hitler was wounded. As a model for *SR* Up Front, Rob looks to the *New Republic* of the early 1930s.

Eliot Fremont-Smith, Books Editor, broke a Harvard tradition in his family by going to Antioch College and to Yale Graduate School. After Yale, he edited at Doubleday and Fawcett and wrote for the *Village Voice*, where he also edited a monthly book review section. He then joined the *New York Times*, first as an editor on the *Sunday Book Review*, then as a book critic of the daily *Times*. Before coming to *SR*, he was editor-in-chief of Little, Brown and Company for three years. Now forty-three, he is married and the father of an eight-year-old son. He is also a car nut, though his interest is now in classics more than the sport (he raced once and finished "well back and terrified"). Of books, reviewing, and *SR*, he says plainly, "I care."

Caroline Stevens, Copy Chief, has risen quickly at *SR* since she first joined the staff as assistant to the managing editor three-and-a-half years ago. Every scrap of writing that *SR* prints now passes across her desk, and it is she who can spot a misplaced comma, a fuzzy adjective, an unclear argument that others have overlooked. Her standards are impeccable and unremitting.

She has been interested in writing since she was seven, when she produced her first story. Her education has covered many interests and many countries. In 1967, after she was graduated from Randolph-Macon Woman's College (where she majored in Russian and became fascinated with the theater), she went on an extensive tour of the Soviet Union. Later travels took her to Yucatán, Morocco, and western Europe. Now she is an ardent cylist, a rug-hooker, and an eclectic reader. Before coming to *SR* she worked for *The New Yorker*.

Irving Kolodin, Music Editor, has been on the staff of *SR* since 1947. Thousands of readers have long relied on his sharp evaluations of new record releases and live musical performances. Irving was born in New York and served as music editor and critic of the New York *Sun* from 1932 to 1949. His books include *The Metropolitan Opera: 1883–1966*, *The Musical Life*, and *The Continuity of Music*. His connection with recorded music dates back to his newspaper days, when he was the first music critic to comment regularly on new recordings. This gave rise to a series of books, the creation of the first of *SR*'s supplements, and a recent appointment to a commission to select a permanent White House record library. Irving is also well versed in jazz and collaborated with Benny Goodman on his *Kingdom of Swing*.

A tireless traveler, Irving has commented on musical happenings across the country and in Europe and Australia. He teaches at Juilliard, New York's best-known music college, and is heard on a syndicated weekly radio broadcast, *First Hearing*, on station WQXR.

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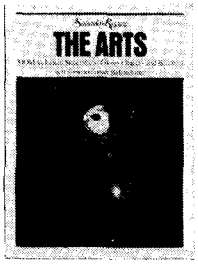
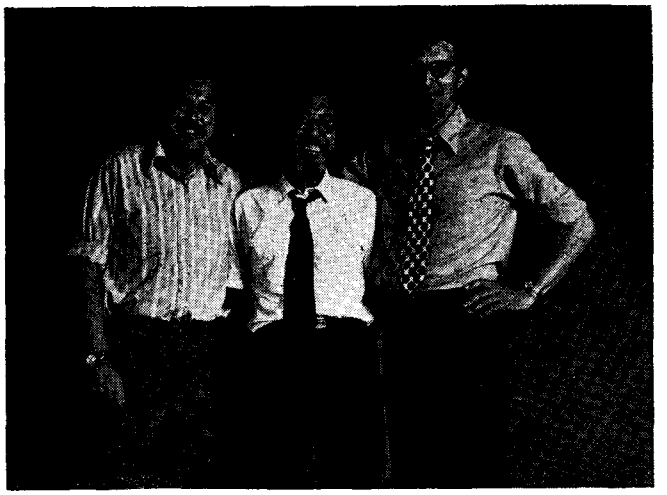


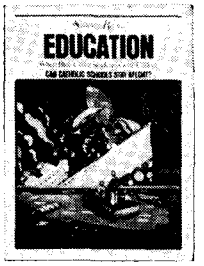
(From left to right) **John Poppy, Managing Editor, The Arts,** escaped from Prague with his parents in 1939, when he was three. He grew up on a Pennsylvania dairy farm and was graduated *cum laude* from Harvard in 1957. After writing for the Wilmington, Delaware, *Morning News*, he worked from 1962 to 1970 as a senior editor for *Look* in San Francisco, where his interpretations of Berkeley protests won him the first of two School Bell awards. He has written on youth, race relations, films, and experimental art forms. He wants to "bring a reader into the moment of creation to make sure we're standing at an artist's elbow at the instant something beautiful happens."

Neil Shakery, Art Director, The Arts and The Society, was born in Canterbury, England, moved in 1948 to Toronto, took a design degree, then did animation for the National Film Board of Canada. After a job with International Design Associates in London, he returned to Canada to help design *MacLean's* and *The Canadian*. He moved to New York City as associate art director of *Look* (and a consultant to *Popular Photography*). Now thirty-six, he sees *SR* as "a chance to redefine the form of magazines."

Edmund White, Senior Editor, joined us last January and directed *SR Arts* until John Poppy's arrival. His interests range from radical politics through the classics to the limits of advanced art. At the University of Michigan Ed majored in Chinese and wrote a play that was produced Off-Broadway in 1963. From 1962 to 1970 he worked at Time-Life Books, writing essays on subjects ranging from Japanese gardens to giant molecules. He has reviewed fiction, discussed architecture, commented on taxis. His first novel, *Forgetting Elena*, will be published by Random House in the spring.

Phyllis Seidel, Senior Editor, most recently was editor-in-chief of Village Voice Books, a publishing venture started in 1971 by the independent newspaper based in Greenwich Village. Before that, she was an assistant editor at Harper & Row and previously at New American Library. She was graduated from Radcliffe College in 1960. Phyllis now lives with her two children in Manhattan, where she will remain as senior editor in charge of New York operations after *SR Arts* moves to San Francisco.





(From left to right) **David W. Cudhea, Managing Editor, Education,** was raised in a New Hampshire town of "682 people and 799 cows," as he puts it. At Harvard David majored in English and was arrested while reporting the 1952 "Pogo Riot" for the *Crimson*. His postsentencing career included editing a "little magazine," *The Liberal Context*, teaching English to Seabees in Antarctica, and working for a Boston-based management consulting firm, Harbridge House, Inc. He was a principal of the company, specializing in management education programs. In 1966 David returned to Harvard to become university editor of the *University Gazette* and *Harvard Today*, publishing such authors as Robert Coles, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, David McCord, George Kennan, and others "now famous and infamous." Now forty, he currently makes his home in Ipswich, Massachusetts, with his wife, Joan, and two sons, Stephen, sixteen, and Peter, fourteen. He is a ten-year veteran split end with a touch football team known as the Tarbox Tomcats.

James Cass, Consulting Editor, has been education editor of *Saturday Review* since 1966. Until the education supplement recently expanded, Jim edited a section on the subject once a month. After graduate work in history at Columbia, Jim became research director of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, later the National Citizens Council for Better Schools. Jim is coauthor with Max Birnbaum of the authoritative and widely acclaimed *Comparative Guide to American Colleges* and with Careth Ellingson of the new *Directory of Facilities for the Learning-Disabled and Handicapped*. He is a member of the Education Writers Association.

Peter Janssen, Senior Editor, has served with distinction as an education editor and writer for the last twelve years. From 1961 to 1965 he was education editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. From 1967 to 1970 he was education editor of *Newsweek*. He is currently chairman of the National Council for the Advancement of Education Writing. He has discussed educational questions several times on television's *Face the Nation* and has served as a consultant to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, for which he prepared a report on innovations in higher education for Chicanos and American Indians.

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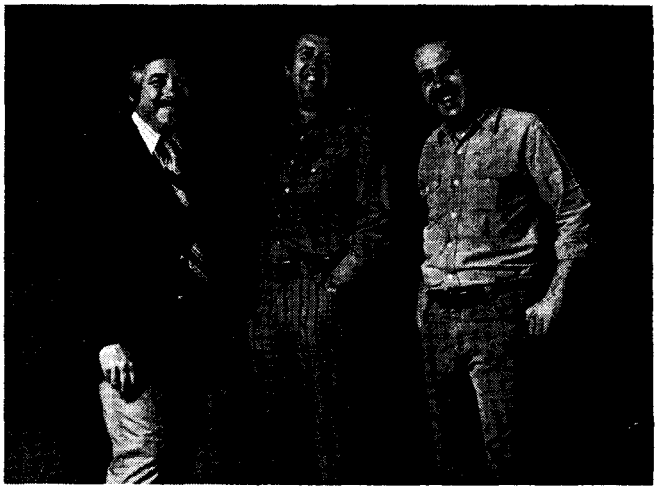
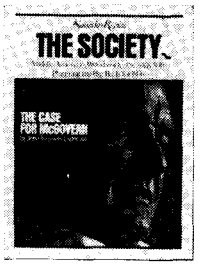
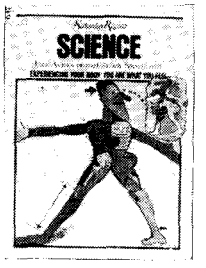




(From left to right) **William H. Honan, Managing Editor, The Society,** attended Oberlin and holds an M.A. from the University of Virginia. He edited *The Villager,* then the largest weekly newspaper in Manhattan, before becoming a staff writer for *The New Yorker.* Later, as a freelance writer, he published articles in *Esquire, Reader's Digest, The New Republic,* and many other magazines. He covered Hubert Humphrey in the 1968 campaign and was a national affairs editor of *Newsweek* and an editor of the *New York Times Magazine.* He subsequently became editor of the travel section of the *Times.* Bill, who is forty-one, is the author of *Ted Kennedy: Profile of a Survivor.* **Lynne Williams, Senior Editor,** was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1941. After graduate study at the London School of Economics, she lived in Paris, freelancing for *Time, Fortune,* the *New York Times,* the *Herald Tribune,* and the *Times* of London. She continued her writing career in New York, branching first into political work by writing speeches for John Lindsay's 1969 campaign, then into financial writing as a frequent contributor to *Barron's Financial Weekly* and *Dun's Review.* For *SR* there was a period last winter when she ran all four reviews practically singlehanded. **Wade Greene, Senior Editor,** grew up in New York, served in Korea, and was graduated from Princeton after majoring in economic and social institutions. He spent two years in Paris writing what he describes as "awful short stories without plots," then returned to the United States and Columbia Journalism School. Since then, he has been an associate editor of *American Heritage,* a national affairs editor at *Newsweek,* and an editor of and major contributor to the *New York Times Magazine.* **Richard Levine, Senior Editor,** received a master's degree from Columbia's department of Slavic languages and then spent a year-and-a-half in Eastern Europe, mostly in Poland. Soon Dick became an associate editor of *Newsweek*'s foreign department. He left *Newsweek* to freelance and got to go deep-sea fishing with Adam Clayton Powell for an article that appeared in *Harper's.* "Once," he tells us, "when researching an article on the Hare Krishna kids for *New York,* my aunt discovered me dancing up and down blissfully near the steps of the public library."



(From left to right) **Alfred Meyer, Managing Editor, Science,** came to us from the editorship of *Natural History* magazine, the highly regarded journal of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Alfred, who is thirty-six, began there six-and-one-half years ago as a junior editor, fresh from graduate work in biology at Cornell (he also holds a B.S. from Columbia). Before turning to writing and editing, Alfred was, for brief periods after dropping out of high school in Detroit, a ferryboat captain on the St. Clair River between the U.S. and Canada, a psychiatric aide, a factory worker in the automotive industry, an administrative aide to a U.S. senator, and an apprentice wildlife biologist. He is married and has one son. His *pièce de résistance* thus far, he claims, is a phonograph record he masterminded at *Natural History*: "The Language and Music of the Wolves." **John Isely, Art Director, Science,** is best known for his use of clear, penetrating photographs and his crisp design of *Oceans* magazine, a special publication for those drawn to the sea and its mysteries. He was an art director there until 1970, when he left to serve as design consultant to a variety of publishers. Earlier in his career he directed art for the promotional, advertising, and textbook efforts of CRM, Inc., publishers of *Psychology Today.* A Bostonian, he studied at the Museum School of Art, Philadelphia. **Frank Kendig, Senior Editor,** was the acting editor of *SR Science* until Alfred Meyer arrived early this month. Frank grew up in Knoxville, Tennessee, where he remembers spending much time learning to play the trumpet and hiking in the Great Smoky Mountains. He studied mathematics at Villanova University and did graduate work in writing at the University of Oregon under the tutelage of the novelist and short-story writer James B. Hall. He is thirty-one years old and is fascinated by science, music, and fiction. He has worked as a professional musician, playing trumpet, bass, and piano. From 1964 to 1969 Frank was a staff writer for Time-Life Books, reporting on everything from the physics of musical instruments to the paintings of Rubens and Dürer. Since leaving Time, Inc., Frank has written four books, many magazine articles, and the score for a musical comedy. Until he joined *SR,* he was a contributing editor of *Design and Environment.*

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This month we are publishing a fascinating and important piece of history: THE YOUNG LENIN by Leon Trotsky. The publication of this book marks the solution, I think, to a remarkable case of a missing manuscript.

In 1933, Leon Trotsky signed a contract with Doubleday Doran for a biography of Lenin, and Max Eastman was working on the translation when the material inexplicably disappeared. Max searched high and low, finally decided that anti-Trotsky agents had made off with the manuscript and gave THE YOUNG LENIN up as lost forever.

Twenty-five years later, the manuscript mysteriously reappeared in the Houghton Library at Harvard. By then, Eastman had forgotten about the Doubleday contract, and asked his agent, Florence Crowther, to find a publisher for the book. Florence chose to submit the book first to Doubleday . . . whereupon, in a triumph for our filing system, it was discovered that we had had it under contract for all those years!

Anyway, THE YOUNG LENIN is now published in English for the first time. In it, Trotsky describes Lenin's boyhood and home life in Simbirsk, a small town on the Volga where Lenin's father was superintendent of schools. The young Lenin was bright and aggressive. His life was greatly affected by the execution of his older brother, Alexander, for taking part in an unsuccessful assassination attempt. Trotsky traces Lenin's development through the time when, in his early twenties, he began to study Marx and to develop the political theories that would change the course of history.

A book about the making of a great revolutionary and world leader, THE YOUNG LENIN is also about Russia during the late 19th and early 20th centuries, when both Lenin and Trotsky were growing up—a portrait of a country hurtling towards revolution that sheds new light on the two men who helped shape that revolution.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THE YOUNG LENIN ($7.95), by Leon Trotsky; translated and with a foreword by Max Eastman; edited and annotated by Maurice Friedberg; is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at [illegible] West Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio 43[illegible].

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SR UP FRONT

JULY 22, 1972

"I Didn't Bring Anyone Here, and I Can't Send Anybody Home."

BY KENNETH LAMOTT

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—When I recently went back to the great yellow prison at San Quentin, it was, in a sense, to make good on a debt incurred twenty years ago. I'd started my career as a prison teacher with a good liberal's prejudice in favor of prisoners and against their guards. When I left, about five years later, I wasn't so sure of myself, for I'd met more than one prisoner who fully deserved to be locked up and more than one guard who turned out to be a decent human being.

The debt I'm talking about, then, was an obligation to report as truly as I could about the prison guard—or, as he's officially known in California, the correctional officer. I arranged to interview four men who had reputations for being experienced, articulate, and middle-of-the-road in matters of penal philosophy. (As we shall see, middle-of-the-road can mean something different in a prison from what it does outside.)

The four men were Charles D. Davenport, a correctional officer, William R. Sellmer and H. George Watkins, both lieutenants, and Harold W. Brown, a sergeant. All have worked their way up through the ranks. Though they represent a variety of physical types, you would not be far wrong to visualize a muscular man in his forties, beginning to thicken around the waist, and dressed in a sharply pressed forest-green uniform with insignia of rank and the shields and badges of the prison service. (One of the guards wears a silver-pig tie clasp.)

Kenneth Lamott, who once taught English at San Quentin Prison, lives and writes in Tiburon, California.

Behind the liberal image of the brutal prison guard often stands a decent middle-of-the-roader.

I talked to them individually and at various places around San Quentin. I told each man that amid all the controversy about the prison system no one seemed to have sought the opinions of the men who work most closely with convicts. I also told them that I wasn't interested in presenting the prison guard as either a bum or a hero and that I expected to disagree with much of what they said. But I wanted to give them an opportunity to put on record their feelings about such important matters as prison reform and capital punishment.

At one time or another each of the guards referred to "the Jackson blowout" or the "incident of August 21." This, of course, was the bloody affair in which Soledad Brother George Jackson was killed by a rifle shot from a gun tower after he or his confederates had cut the throats of three guards and two white convicts working in the maximum-security Adjustment Center.

Here is what the four guards told me, beginning with some personal notes about themselves:

On Becoming a Guard

—BROWN: Twelve years ago I was working outside as an investigator, a pri-

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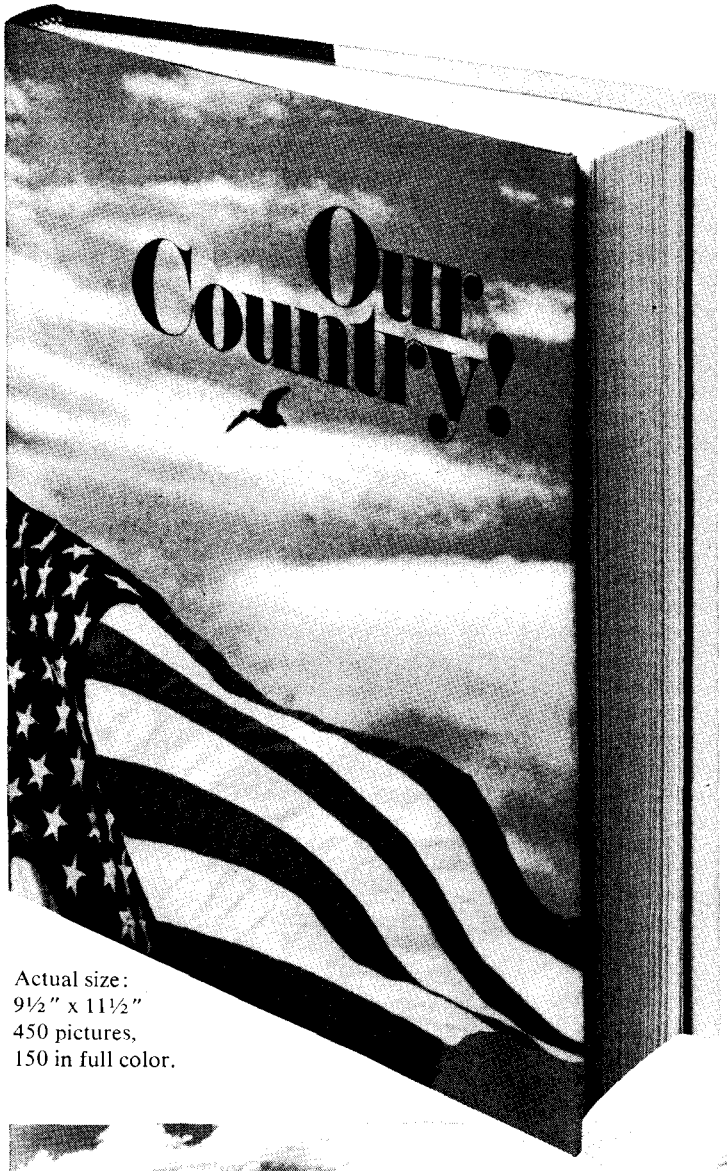

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vate investigator for a large concern, and I got a little bit fed up with the boss. I like working with people, the challenge of working with people, and I decided to try my hand at prison work.

—SELLMER: I began in June of 1948. Actually, I came to work here between jobs. I've always been interested in people. When I was in school, I intended to be a teacher, but then I went into the service. When I came back, whatever it was I had I didn't have anymore, and I came here and stayed.

—WATKINS (laughs): At the time I came to work here I was so well known at the unemployment office that they came out from behind the counter to shake hands and congratulate me.

—DAVENPORT: I'm a Christian man, and I'd been doing Salvation Army work. The reason I came here was, first, I needed a job.

The Job and Its Rewards

—SELLMER: This is a tough business, an unrewarding business. This is a trade like none other; there's no business like it. You can let it get to you, and you can see it in some of the employees that have stuck around. Some of them become bitter, very untrusting. I don't know. The guy who does stay is a peculiar individual. We're not all alike, but we have a quality that you don't find in any other business.

—WATKINS: The greatest divergence of viewpoint among the correctional officers occurs with the probationary employees. After you've had a certain amount of urine and feces thrown in your face, you tend to become a little more unified in your attitude. Either the naïve do-gooder becomes realistic pretty soon or he quits.

—DAVENPORT (whom I'd asked if there were any bad apples among the guards): Yes, a guy who doesn't carry his load, who's fearful, who's weak, who packs [smuggles] in weapons and what-have-you. They remove themselves because they get caught, but the damage is done.

—BROWN (who works two shifts, both for the extra money and to get experience for promotion): There's an inmate here and there that I would like to think I helped stay outside. Of course, we never really know if we do or not. . . . Then there's the challenge of playing the game. The average inmate is hustling most of the time, to get himself ahead. He's trying to outwit you, and you're trying to outwit him. It's challenging to play this particular type of game, the strategies involved and everything else. If I get beat, it's no great pain. If the inmate gets beat, it's no great pain either.

—WATKINS (whom I'd asked about material rewards): As a lieutenant, I make one thousand fifty-eight dollars a month. This is less than a probationary San Francisco policeman makes. The deputy sheriffs who work as jailers in the city jail all receive more than I do—and as third watch commander I was, in effect, the warden of San Quentin at night.

Reform and Rehabilitation

—BROWN: Personally, I don't like the word "rehabilitation." It means turning something back to what it was before. I would prefer to use the word "redirection," to redirect a man's sense of values, sense of responsibilities. This is what this work is all about. I think redirection works for a lot of them, in various degrees from zero to a hundred per cent, I suppose.

—DAVENPORT: I've stood the yard at Alcatraz, and I've worked the yard here, and I've worked the gun rails. I've worked the honor units, I've worked the lockups, I've worked the [death] rows, I've worked the hospital and court details—all these facets in the roughly ten years I have been in the service—and I always try to approach a guy through the basis of this manhood thing. I've found that the common denominator of manhood is the one thing you have as an officer and one thing you can use. Now I've found that with about ninety per cent of the men, if you treat him like a man, he's so surprised and somewhat elated that you get his cooperation. On the other hand, there's about ten per cent of them, as opposed to the ninety per cent, that, no matter how you treat them, they're still human animals.

—SELLMER (to whom I'd suggested that prisons seemed increasingly to be turning into lockups rather than reformatories): Yeah, it's a fair criticism, but it's the reality. We can help the person—we can make him a better person—but that doesn't mean we can cause him not to act in a criminal way in the future.

Violence in Prison

—BROWN (when I asked him about two prisoners I'd seen being taken outside the security area with their hands manacled behind them): These people didn't get here for spitting on sidewalks or missing Sunday school. These people are here for extremely violent crimes. We've come to the point where this little tin whistle [hanging from a clip on his right shoulder] is all we have to defend ourselves with. For taking men from the Adjustment Center [the supermaximum-security lockup] to the parole board, for taking condemned men to the doctor, and so on, we are placed in a very bad position if an inmate decides for his own reasons to attack an officer. The inmate knows that, if he stops fighting, the staff member will stop too, but the staff member knows that, if he himself stops, he's dead. Each time, your life is in jeopardy, not the inmate's life. Since the August 21 blowout here we've maintained a practice of putting restraint gear on real hard-core troublemakers when we move them.

—WATKINS (who was the officer responsible for editing the official report on the Jackson affair): The fact that three officers and three inmates had died quite horrible deaths wasn't that interesting to the public. I'm sorry that the color photos that were taken of the bodies couldn't have been published or shown on television.

Capital Punishment

—WATKINS: The incident of August 21 could have been a bloodbath. If it happened today, it *would* be a bloodbath. What is the difference between then and now? The ending of capital punishment in California. I think that among the custodial staff there's the feeling that some kind of limited death penalty is necessary to give them a modicum of protection—something besides their own alertness.

—SELLMER (who was in charge of Death Row on the day of the interview): Personally, I'm in favor of capital punishment. I see no useful purpose in keeping these people alive. These are not crimes of passion. These people on the Row were cold-blooded, premeditating murderers, and some of the crimes were truly atrocious.

—DAVENPORT: I don't know what you do when a human being gets to the place where he just has this lust for killing. With my Christian background and in my own heart I feel that he who spilleth blood wantonly, let his blood be spilled.

—BROWN: I, for one, believe in capital punishment. This is a good deterrent for a lot of people. I sincerely feel that. More than five hundred inmates have told me it deterred them.

Prison Revolutionaries and Penal Reform

—DAVENPORT: Another thing we've got here that's real bad, that's making trouble, is the revolutionaries coming in. They're attacking our prison system from within by publicity, television, and everything else, and they're also trying to dig within by using the prisoners as dupes. Then you have the kind of things like when Jackson tried to blow out of here.

I'd like to point out that these people are missing the boat by saying they're political prisoners because these laws are made by the white man. These laws, you

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know, originated from the Ten Commandments; these laws are the Decalogue.

—BROWN: For the most part, they really believe themselves to be political prisoners, and they don't believe they've done any wrong. This feeling has been bolstered from the outside by radical attorneys who tell them, "Kill the pigs," and tell them how wrongly they've been treated. This reflects down to the less radical people.

—WATKINS: Personally, I would label them [attacks on the prison system] as a very well-organized and well-concerted effort to find flaws in any phase of the administration of criminal justice. They are currently focusing on prisons in the hope that they will be able to break down our system sufficiently so that it will be questioned by a majority of people.

Changes That Need to Be Made

—WATKINS: If I were going to assign priorities, I'd say that first we need a pay increase.

—SELLMER: I'd change the indeterminate sentence. I think it s detrimental to the guy. The indefinite thing about not knowing when you're going to get out—it's a hopeless feeling. You can't take hope away from people.

—DAVENPORT: The thing to change is the hiring practices—that's basic. An attempt is being made right now to hire younger men, better-trained men, and men who have the strength of character to stand up against these felons.

—BROWN: I'd close San Quentin to start off with. The name San Quentin has a stigma about it. Some of the inmates say it's an ego boost to come here, and then you have to live up to the reputation of being a San Quentin con. But if a man is released from San Quentin and his brother is released from Chino [a Southern California prison], why the guy from Chino, he's just done time and everybody's trying to help him. But the guy released from San Quentin, he's an animal because of the name. [Governor Ronald Reagan has recently announced plans to close the prison by 1974 or 1975. Convicts are already being transferred to other state penal institutions.]

Final Comments

—SELLMER: I don't think the general public really is too damned concerned about whether we give the inmate an education or a trade. I think most people want them fed well and want them to have medical treatment; they don't want them abused. But as far as education and general programing go, I don't think they're too concerned.

—DAVENPORT: We almost had a riot in the yard one day, and there was a group of officers that stood up between the two factions that were going to go at each other, and we marched out all in green, and we stopped it. By our being there, these two outfits didn't get together. Somebody said later, "Thank God for the thin green line." And I think rather than attack us, society ought to thank the men in the thin green line.

—WATKINS: We bite our tongues and live with fears that are very real.

—BROWN (repeating an old prison aphorism): I didn't bring anyone here, and I can't send anybody home. □

Getting Busted in Good Company

BY MILTON VIORST

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Robert J. Lifton, the Yale psychiatrist, may have made his reputation as an author of five books on the mind, but on the night of June 26, he showed his true forte as moderator of a group of strong-willed intellectuals who were groping for a way to make a meaningful protest against the war in Vietnam.

The group, having come to Washington prepared to go to jail, had assembled in a motel near Capitol Hill at the behest of an *ad hoc* committee that called itself "Redress"—after the constitutional right to petition for the redress of grievances. Although some 200 men and women, a large proportion prominent in the professions and the arts, were expected for a demonstration the following day, only a few dozen came to the preliminary meeting. But that was enough; it was participatory democracy at its most exquisite. For hours the group agonized over the meanings of protest, resistance, solidarity, and stratagem—not to say the realities of imprisonment and release. Again and again, it took all of Lifton's tact, deference, and good will to rescue the meeting from impending chaos. Finally Joseph Papp, the New York theatrical director, proposed that—as a dramatic symbol of death in Vietnam—the Redress people lie down on the floor of the Capitol and wait for the police to cart them away. Since by now it was early morning and everyone was tired, Papp's idea was accepted as consensus.

During the breakfast meeting that day the consensus was threatened by some more soul searching, but Lifton, still the

Milton Viorst is a syndicated political columnist for the Washington Star. *He was one of those arrested in the Redress demonstration.*

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quintessence of grace, deftly turned each challenge aside. He emphasized that, of course, no one would be required to be arrested and that everyone was invited to participate to the degree to which he or she felt comfortable. But the Papp plan, he affirmed, would remain the overall Redress strategy, and he shifted the discussion to such matters as resisting the police, talking to senators, and conveying the proper image before the television cameras.

At one point former Senator Eugene McCarthy interrupted the proceedings to express his solidarity with the demonstration and his remorse for being unable to join in, since it would be inappropriate for a presidential candidate. Nevertheless, he delivered one of those quizzical, self-indulgent discourses for which he has been famous since 1968. At another point it was announced that the plan for a noon-hour dialogue with senators was threatened by the cancellation of permission to use a Senate hearing room; but, before panic and various proposals for improvisation had advanced very far, permission was restored. Then, at last, the talk was over, and the men and women of Redress, now at full strength, went out into the sunshine for the six-block march to their encounter on Capitol Hill.

The beginning was inauspicious. Not a senator was present in the caucus room for the twelve o'clock dialogue. Instead, for an hour, the group engaged in rather pointless discussion with a handful of well-meaning, but powerless, senatorial aides. If they had been an assemblage of labor leaders or business tycoons, senators by the dozen would have rushed in to shake hands. But a Nobel Prize-winner (George Wald), some literary folks (Grace Paley, Judith Viorst, Jonathan Kozol, Francine Gray), theater people (Candice Bergen, Barbara Harris, Jon Voight), and professors (Noam Chomsky, Eqbal Ahmad, Martin Duberman) —are they a constituency? Besides, senators don't like anyone demonstrating on their turf or subjecting them to moral coercion. Eventually Senator Mike Gravel, the antiwar maverick from Alaska, arrived.

On the subject of Gravel, a forty-two-year-old freshman Democrat, the Senate's hawks and doves unite: They are outraged by his indifference to protocol, and they find his manners abominable. It was Gravel who read the secret Pentagon Papers into the *Congressional Record*—for which he may still be censured. "You," he told the Redress people, dwelling on the war record of Congress, "represent something better in the United States than the Senate and the House."

Later Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, a Democrat, and Senator

> "Dr. Spock lay down on his belly. Garry Wills turned over on his back. Candy Bergen propped her head on a nearby thigh. A few cheated."

Jacob Javits of New York, a Republican, stopped by to deliver brief, partisan, antiwar pep talks. But it was Gravel who held the group on the course they had chosen for the day.

Flanked by policemen, Gravel was waiting for them when they reached the top of the staircase on the north side of the Capitol. He listened patiently as the chief of police, speaking with a southern drawl into a bullhorn, tried to discourage a demonstration by warning of the possible penalties. Then, turning to the group crowded on the steps, the senator told them to "come with me into your Capitol." Two hundred Redress people followed him.

Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia, acting majority leader while Senator Mike Mansfield was in the hospital, had refused to accept the Redress petition, so Lifton stood before the door of the Senate chamber, parchment held high, and read aloud its appeal: "We petition the Congress to exercise its constitutional authority of control over the armed forces by voting an immediate cessation of all air, ground, and naval operations in Indochina, and by ending all military and economic appropriations for a war the Congress did not vote for and the American people do not want."

Papp, turning to the Nuremberg War Crimes trial precedent, declared: "Contrary to what the police or courts may do or say, we are profoundly convinced that our action today is respectful of law and that the Nuremberg obligation should be given priority by all Americans until this unspeakable war is brought to an end." Finally George Plimpton, the writer and sportsman, vowed that the Redress contingent, symbolically placing death at the Senate door, would lie on the Capitol floor until an end to the war was voted.

Immediately 200 went limp in the corridor. Dr. Benjamin Spock lay down on his belly. Garry Wills, the columnist, turned over on his back. Candy Bergen doubled up her long legs and propped her head on a nearby thigh. Some people rested on an elbow; a few cheated and assumed a half-seated position. When the group burst into a chorus of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," most lifted themselves a trifle. But, whatever the individual posture, the net effect was a prostrate mass, which, the chief of police insisted, interfered with the business of the Senate and violated the laws of the land.

For the next hour, until the arrests began, senators—both anti- and prowar —walked by, barely glancing at the multitude of horizontal bodies. A few had to pick their way over them into the chamber. Most navigated along a path cleared by the police. Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, a hawk, stopped long enough to scowl. Senator Harold Hughes of Iowa, a dove, hovered nervously, unable to bring himself to express any real sympathy. Not a senator uttered a word of solidarity. Only one—Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona—extended a warm gesture. Spotting a friend among the demonstrators, Goldwater, opponent in 1964 of the President who had promised a policy of peace, came over for a few minutes of quiet conversation. As he left, he was heard to say, "The war will be over soon anyway. . . . But then," he added, "they'll start another." Nearby, Redress people, raising their heads from the floor, laughed sardonically—as the gray-shirted Capitol police formed a tight circle around them.

The chief matter-of-factly announced through his bullhorn the nature of the impending charge (a misdemeanor under the Capitol Grounds Act, with a maximum sentence of six months and a fine of $500), enunciated the constitutional rights of the accused, and issued a plea that everyone "cooperate with the arresting officers . . . to prevent any inadvertent injuries." He also offered demonstrators the opportunity to get up and leave, and about a third did. The rest, one by one, were lifted gently to their feet by the gray-shirts and marched politely to the exit. Some raised a hand, either with the V-sign for peace or the clenched fist of black power. Those who remained recumbent cheered for each of their departing comrades, and, by a curiosity of Capitol acoustics, even as the ranks of those who stayed behind thinned, the cheers rang undiminished through the halls.

The police made quick work of filling out the arrest forms in a Capitol stairwell and bundling the protesters into the hot, airless wagons that waited on the street. While the women were being driven to a nearby precinct station, the men were heading for the central lockup. With unremitting courtesy, the cops dispatched the demonstrators through the red tape, then incarcerated them in underground cell blocks, three each in two-man cells. The accommodations were dark and dirty, the bologna sandwiches vile, but morale was high.

The men passed newspapers from cell

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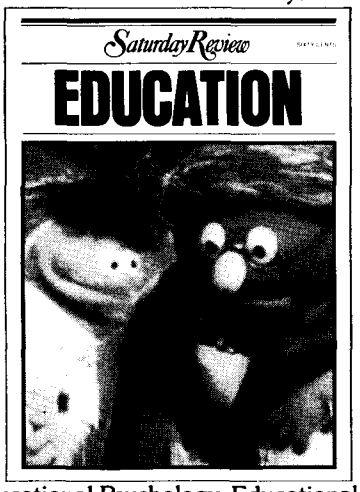

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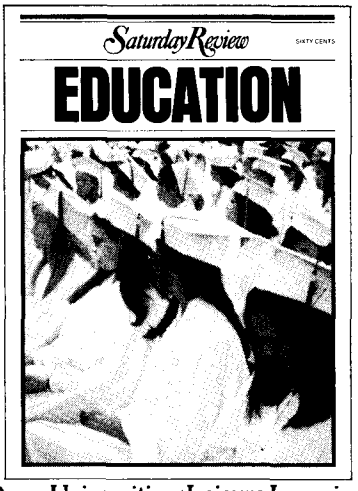

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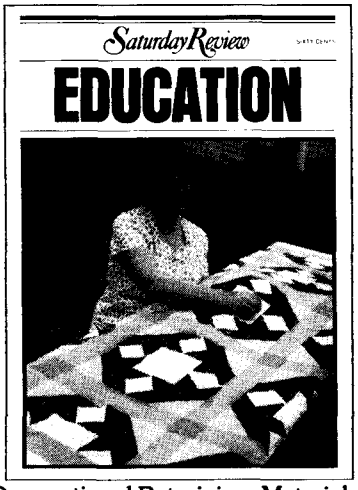

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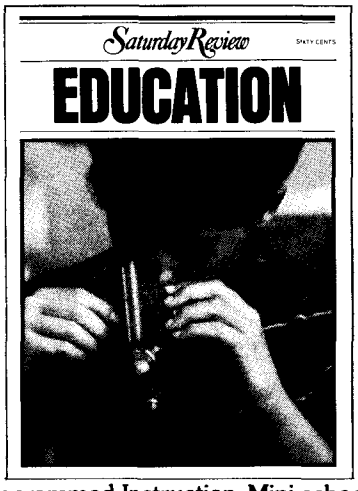

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to cell, read the graffiti aloud, and compared the size of the roaches. Some of the more experienced jailbirds, such as Spock, shared their wisdom with the others. A few established a mock competition in unit snobbery: "We've got a biochemist," one cell announced. "We can beat that," said its neighbor, "with a Chinese history teacher." Then, one by one, the electric locks snapped on the cell doors, and the prisoners were marched out for final processing. By early evening, about five hours after the first arrests, all the demonstrators had been interrogated, mugged, printed, relieved of $50 in collateral, and released. Nobody left with the certainty that their experience had shortened the war by a single moment. But Lifton and the other Redress leaders returned to the motel to begin preparing for another event. □

The Atom Bomb Still Takes Its Toll

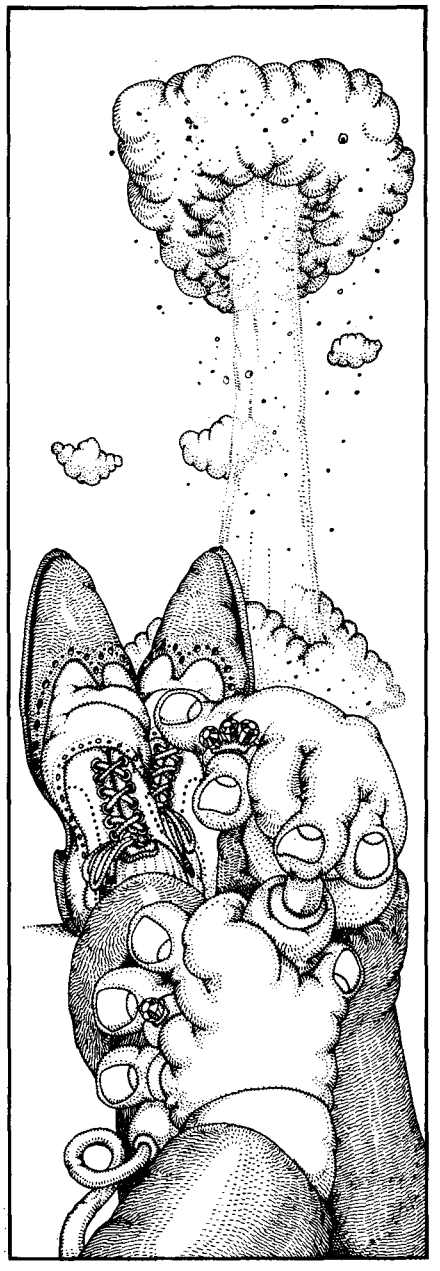
BY CLAUDE LEWIS

HIROSHIMA, Japan—Dr. Tomin Harada opened the door to his home in central Hiroshima, where, after I had taken off my shoes in the foyer, we were served sweetmeats and steaming cups of tea. I had come here to ask the sixty-year-old surgeon about his work with victims of the first wartime use of an atomic bomb.

Shortly after the bomb was dropped on his city, Dr. Harada told me, he vowed that he would devote his life to the survivors of that attack and to the fostering of world peace. He had begun by establishing Harada Hospital, which specializes in caring for people suffering from the effects of the A-bomb disaster. The hospital is next door to his home.

"There was destruction and pain everywhere in Hiroshima," Dr. Harada said. "I decided that nothing could be more important than to try to restore some kind of decent existence for those who were nearly destroyed by the nuclear bomb."

Although Dr. Harada was the twentieth doctor in his family line, service in the Japanese army kept him from taking advanced studies. The wartime ban on the importation of foreign books further prevented his benefiting from the knowledge of others. Thus, of necessity, Dr. Harada became a self-taught plastic surgeon. "I used my imagination," he said, and he described how, immediately after the holocaust and frequently under the crudest of conditions, he was able to treat some 400 horrendously burned Japanese civilians.



"I like Americans very much. I really believe that the Japanese and the American governments are at fault."

Later he organized a group of local surgeons and persuaded them to give free medical care to A-bomb survivors for more than a year. In 1955, when Norman Cousins, then editor of *Saturday Review*, and a group of concerned Americans arranged for reconstructive surgery at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City, Dr. Harada was one of four Japanese doctors invited to accompany twenty-five particularly disfigured young women —the "Hiroshima Maidens"—to the United States. There he was at last able to refine many of the techniques he had developed on his own, although, because at the time he understood little English, he had to learn them at the elbow of Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, whom he watched rebuild the faces and bodies of the Japanese girls.

Today, Dr. Harada is chairman of the board of directors of the World Friendship Center and volunteers much of his time to helping victims of the fighting in Vietnam as well as those who survived the leveling of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

"There was one girl of about twenty," he said, "who had lived on a semiliquid diet for years because her left cheek and jaw were nearly locked shut by a war injury in Vietnam. I had to rebuild her face and use skin grafts to restore her lips. Today Dao is a smiling young woman with a new chance."

I asked Dr. Harada how he felt about Americans after working so long with the victims of the A-bomb. "I think Hiroshima should have been warned that the bomb was going to be dropped," he said. "This city was neither a military city nor an armaments base. But war is not a nice business. I like Americans very much," he added, pouring me a second cup of tea. "I really believe that the Japanese and the American governments are at fault. Private citizens do not make war. Governments do. Our job at the World Friendship Center is to persuade the governments of the world that everybody loses when bombs are dropped. Nearly twenty-seven years have passed, and we are still trying to fix up the devastation caused by that terrible bomb. Hiroshima should be a symbol for the whole world to see and remember forever."

Before I departed, Dr. Harada made arrangements for me to visit the "A-bomb hospital," where some 160 patients are currently housed and to which another 200 A-bomb victims still come as outpatients.

At the World Friendship Center the next morning I picked up a pretty twenty-three-year-old whom friends had engaged to serve as my interpreter. Keiko Uchiyama, a 1970 graduate of Hiroshima University, was wearing a sunny, yellow miniskirt. She told me that she often visited the hospital and read books to the patients, many of them lonely, troubled people with no friends or family.

We were met by Koso Sasaki, the head of the hospital's laboratory, who took us into a conference room. Nearly every person who had contracted leukemia from the A-bomb died, Dr. Sasaki said.

Claude Lewis is a columnist and reporter for the Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Today most of the patients are suffering from a special type of cancer, which can also be traced to the bomb.

"We check the patients very carefully to be certain that they are A-bomb victims. There are many who still suffer from the bomb's effect. However, others in Hiroshima who are sick come in with claims that cannot be traced to the bomb. So we have to send them to different wings of the hospital, and the government does not pay for their treatment. A number of the people have been in bed for several years. Some will be able to go home and return to the hospital on an outpatient basis, but others cannot leave. They need daily treatment and are unable to work because of the damage they suffered."

Keiko explained that most of the surgery involved the removal of massive keloids—dense, fibrous overgrowths of scar tissue. I thanked Dr. Sasaki for having taken time out of his busy schedule to see me. Then Keiko led me upstairs to the wards.

Those patients who could see lay in their beds, peering into the bright afternoon sunlight, watching life go by. They are known simply as "the A-bomb victims." The youngest is a woman of twenty-seven who was in her mother's womb when the blast struck. The oldest is over seventy. They have incurable cancer, brain damage, and burns.

Mrs. Sueko Obatake sat up in her bed and tried to smile. "The pains are still very bad," she said, moving her left hand slowly over various parts of her body to show where the cancer exists. "Ten years ago I began to feel sick," she said. "I got very weak. My stomach went bad. I lost my appetite and weight. I started going to many hospitals and doctors." Finally, doctors informed Mrs. Obatake that her ailment was caused by the A-bomb.

Mrs. Obatake, who is sixty-two, shares a room with two other elderly patients. Flat on their backs, unable to speak, they could only nod in my direction. In another room was a man, also supine, whose muscles were soft from the effects of radiation. Now fifty-seven, he has been bedridden for eight years. His world is a small TV set and visits from his wife and from Keiko. A complicated series of exercise bars was suspended from the ceiling. He reached up to demonstrate his exercises, but the pain was too great. He closed his eyes and lay back. "During the rainy season it is much worse," he said to Keiko. She reached over and held his hand and patted his face gently. The man smiled and relaxed. Then his wife arrived with fresh linen from home. They did not speak. They just looked at each other—and sorrow made the room crowded. □

The Fischer Defense

BY RALPH BLUMENTHAL

QUEENS, N.Y.—Bobby Fischer's final American performance before taking off for Reykjavík was the fittingly erratic conclusion of a bizarre series of moves that made an anxious chess world his pawn. After denying for two days to newsmen staked out around Fischer's suspected hide-out in Queens that the missing world championship contender was secreted inside, his host and chess chum, Dr. Anthony Saidy, emerged—a newspaper shielding his curly black hair from a downpour—to say that Fischer was there after all and would speak to one reporter.

"I pick the *New York Times*," Dr. Saidy said, arousing an immediate but unavailing chorus of objections from representatives of NBC, ABC, and the *New York Daily News*. Taken aside, I was told to wait for Fischer on a small enclosed porch of the stately Tudor-style home owned by Fred Saidy, Anthony's father and coauthor of the Broadway musical *Finian's Rainbow*.

Moments later, Fischer slipped through the door. His dark blond hair was characteristically uncombed, and he appeared intensely preoccupied. He paced the porch. Disdaining to answer my opening pleasantries, Fischer turned to Saidy and said: "I want to talk to the TV people."

The television journalists were promptly informed of the master's change of mind. "Bobby Fischer will not speak to the *Daily News*, though," Saidy said. Apparently that newspaper had incurred Fischer's and Saidy's wrath when newsmen descended on Fischer at Kennedy Airport, sending him into seclusion.

Now the twenty-nine-year-old American chess champion was sulking. A full minute had passed since the television people had been granted permission to enter, and they had yet to appear with their paraphernalia. "They want to talk to me; then they're not even here," Fischer said.

Finally all was ready. Lit by harsh television lights, Fischer was seated on a green flowered sofa in the soft russet living room of the Saidys. Then, suddenly, before the cameras rolled, he said irritably, "Too many people in here. I can't breathe. Too many guys in here." The excessive "guys," friends of Dr. Saidy, obligingly tiptoed off to distant corners.

The first question from the newsmen

Ralph Blumenthal is a reporter for the New York Times.

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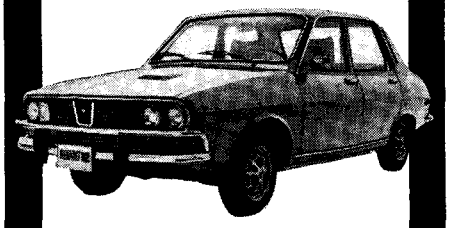

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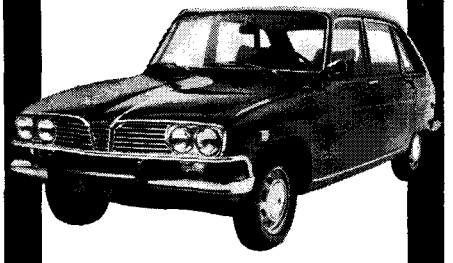

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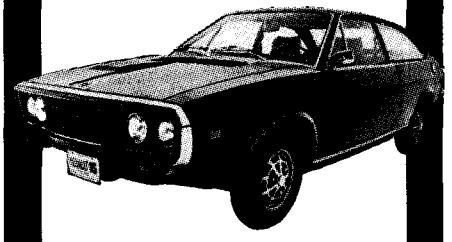

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was predictable: Why was he delaying his scheduled flight to Reykjavík to meet the Russian Boris Spassky for the world championship?

"What do you mean?" he replied.

The rather simple query was restated. "We've had some problems with the organizers," Fischer then said. "They've been very petty, but it doesn't pay to be petty like they are."

Was it the offer by James D. Slater, the British investment banker, to double the purse to $250,000 that persuaded Fischer to end his boycott? "This thing, yeah. I haven't studied it. I read about it in the papers."

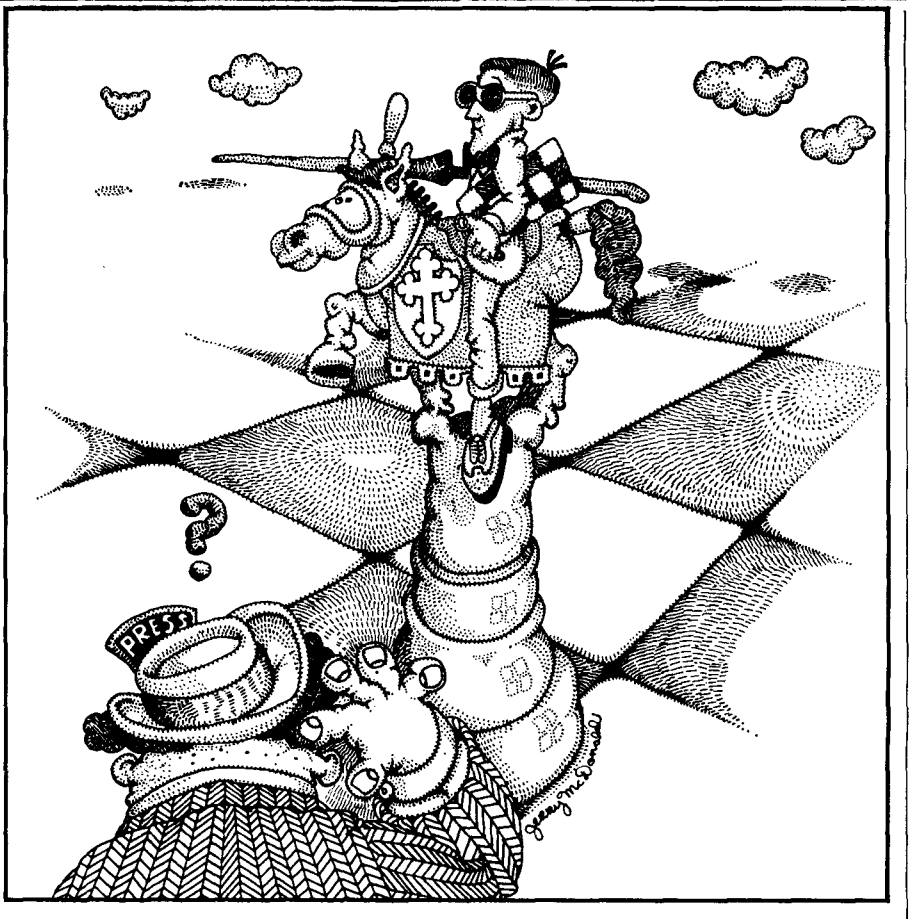
And so it went, Fischer tailoring his answers as carefully as he had selected his medium—like any seasoned pol. Some questions he used as jumping-off places to stress points he wanted to make —for example, that the match was "a farce" and that the stakes should be higher. Other queries were given short shrift. Asked if the U.S. government had exerted any pressure to make him go to Iceland, he replied, "No comment." He did, however, admit to being moved by a sense of national obligation: "There's an awful lot of prestige of the country at stake."

Fischer expounded fluently on his many complaints. "Unfortunately," he said, "it's not a fair match. All he [Spassky] has to do is draw every game to retain the title. It takes almost a superhuman effort to overcome that advantage. I would have been perfectly willing to give all or nothing to the winner of the first ten games." But hadn't he agreed to the rules before all this? "I had agreed to play but not agreed to any conditions," he said.

It was "these petty people" who were responsible for his balking, Fischer maintained. What petty people? The Féderation Internationale des Eschecs? "The organizers," he said. "The whole bunch of Russians, Icelanders, F.I.D.E., even some of the Americans I'm not happy with. If me and Spassky had gotten together we would have made much more money." At another point he said, "We're losing money with no live TV coverage."

Fischer insisted that he felt warmly toward Spassky. "Personally I like him," he said. "If he were American, we'd be very good friends." But, he went on, "The Russian government has not let Boris Spassky speak for himself. Face-to-face meetings with Spassky weren't allowed. He may be afraid to speak." Was Fischer's delay a form of psychological warfare against his opponent? "I don't believe in psychology," Fischer said. "I just believe in good moves."

The NBC and ABC crews finished their interviews, shut off their lights, and



"Bobby Fischer," one neighbor mused. "Isn't he the fellow that used to be married to Elizabeth Taylor?"

decamped. Then Fischer came over to me. "Now you want to talk to me?" he inquired ingratiatingly.

Asked if, financial problems aside, he had any qualms about going to Iceland, he replied, "The basic thing is, I'll have no privacy. There'll be a hundred journalists there with nothing to do but follow me around to get a story."

Asked what he had been doing the past few days while secretly quartered at the Saidys at 2 Cedar Lane, Fischer said that he had been taken bowling one night in Long Island—no one recognized him —and that he had made several other unnoticed forays into Queens. He said he had not been thinking about chess. "Consciously," he added.

Asked why he had finally agreed to talk to newsmen after bolting and hiding from them, he said, without a smile— he rarely smiled and then only briefly— "I feel people have a right to know what's going on. You can't sneak off when you're representing your country." In his left hand he clutched a white handkerchief, which he crumpled and unrolled and occasionally nibbled on absent-mindedly.

One thing he and his entourage refused to divulge was the flight Fischer was taking to Reykjavík. So when a station wagon carrying Fischer and his traveling companions pulled out of the Saidy driveway for Kennedy Airport, I tailed them.

In a pothole-pitted parking lot on a back road of an obscure commercial section of the airport, Fischer's car rendezvoused with a white Icelandic Airlines station wagon, into which the Fischer party was transplanted. Later, the station wagon stopped at two inner airport checkpoints in an effort to get guards to keep the unauthorized pursuer from following Fischer to his still-secret destination. But the tail, having tracked Fischer for two days, was not about to be shaken, and the two vehicles wound across airport runways, stopping now and then to let a jumbo jet back up or taxi through, to Fischer's destination—a waiting Icelandic Airlines jet, Flight 202, which quickly swallowed up Fischer and his party.

Whatever else Fischer accomplished, the neighbors in the posh, wooded section of Douglaston where he was briefly sequestered are unlikely now to react as one did when first informed that the missing chess master was suspected of being hidden in the Saidy house across Thirty-eighth Avenue. "Bobby Fischer," the neighbor mused, "isn't he the fellow that used to be married to Elizabeth Taylor?" □

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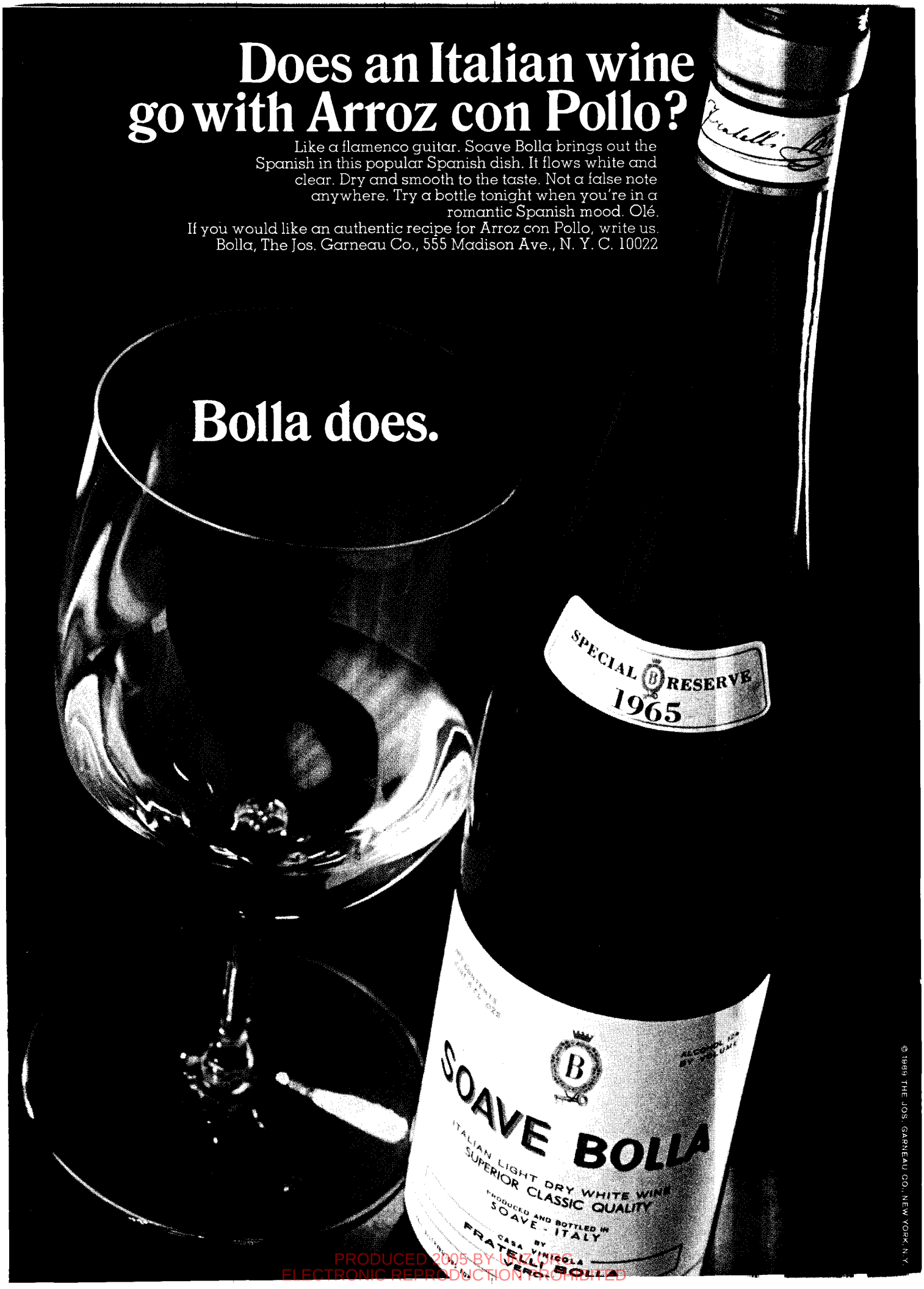

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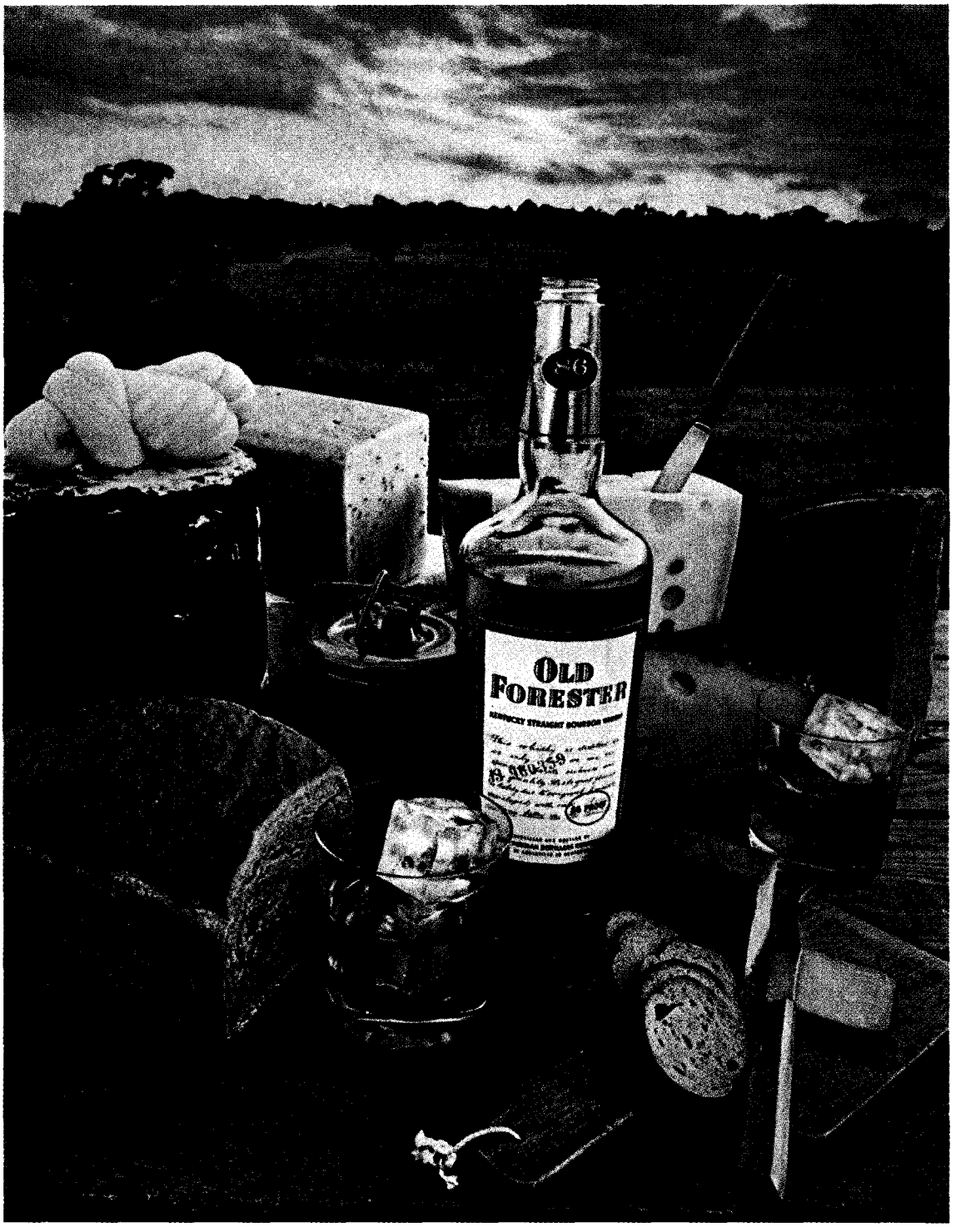

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky/86 or 100 proof/Brown-Forman Distillers Corp./At Louisville in Kentucky © 1972.

It's an Old Forester kind of day

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Letters

Teachers' Unions

Teachers' unions are getting bigger, more powerful, wealthier, and more expansive in their dreams of conquest—as Myron Lieberman's article "The Union Merger Movement" affirms [*SR*, June 24]. The power to bring a city to its knees by a threat to its children is an awesome power. It can work magical and swift changes in an educational system long resistant to all traditional efforts at improvement and reform. But there is a law as old as human nature, and it also works changes, somewhat less enchanting. It is the law of power: Power corrupts. It corrupts unions; it corrupts union leaders.

In ten short years the teachers' union achieved a miracle in the city of New York. The role of teachers was reversed. From timid, downtrodden peons, teachers have become members of a militant organization conceded to be the most powerful force in the school system. But in the same ten years the original ideals of teacher unionism have become tarnished.

Instead of fighting for educational changes, the UFT has aligned itself with some of the most reactionary forces in the school system. Indeed, it is in danger of creating, through the endless whirlpools and eddies of its contract, a more monstrous bureaucracy than the one it set out to fight. Increasingly, minute details of school management and policy are being tied up in centralized contracts. It has become harder for dedicated and creative teachers to try new methods and programs under the UFT's contract rules than under the old bureaucracy. Instead of persuading the public of the need for more funds for education, the UFT is coercing funds from an increasingly reluctant taxpayer in closed-door bargaining sessions or by locking the kids out of school.

These enormous amounts have not gone into raising the quality of education. They have gone almost entirely into salary increases and unrealistic pension arrangements. Meanwhile, educational services are actually declining, and younger teachers are being systematically laid off to pay for the salary escalation of their senior colleagues. (Twenty-eight hundred New York City teacher positions were eliminated in the school year 1971/72 while the city's education budget was increased by $96 million in the same year.)

Instead of fighting to uphold the highest standards of teacher performance, the UFT fights to defend the least competent. Its latest contract demands would permit a supervisor to visit a classroom only four times in a teacher's first year on the job, and only once a year after he or she achieves tenure. In each case two days' advance warning would be required. While the UFT protests that incompetent teachers *can* be fired if management does its job (which is true), the federation concentrates on making sure that management *can't* do its job.

Instead of fighting for academic freedom for teachers, the unions increasingly use their power to punish anyone who stands up to them. After the 1968 strike in New York, many teachers who had sided with the community in which they taught (and, in some cases, lived) were pushed out of their jobs. The power that may have been applied, in the beginning, "for the good of education," becomes, at the beginning of the end, "what is good for the union is good for education." If teachers' unions are allowed to gain the kind of control over public education they are driving for, it will be control accountable only to the union leadership. Then, public education will cease to be public.

David S. Seeley
Director, Public Education Association
New York, N.Y.

I object to Mr. Lieberman's statement that the introduction of educational innovations is primarily a management (administrative) responsibility. Most of the imaginative and workable innovations are designed by classroom teachers striving to improve instruction. School administrators may feel the political pressure of accountability, but it is the individual teacher seeking to improve the conditions of learning, not just the conditions of teaching, who will determine increases in educational productivity.

Ruth Lucarelli
Westland, Mich.

Sexist Prison

If further proof were needed that the sexist condition imprisons men as well as women, Mary Alice Kellogg's description of life at International Village, "Singles in the Suburbs, or, You Can Go Home Again" [*SR*, June 24], provides eloquent testimony. The situation of women there is obvious, but Ms. Kellogg amply demonstrates that the men, without any vocabulary of address but "Hey-hey, baby," are crippled by their own attitudes. If they had a different understanding of the relationship between men and women, they might not be exiled into a world predicated on the assumption that sexuality is a sun tan.

Nevertheless, arrangements such as the one at IV are such an easy target—we can hardly consider it a profound observation that Jim, the engineer, suspects his life there is "plastic." Would it not be a greater service to the men and women of IV and *SR*'s readers to devote the space to a discussion of changing sexual roles in order to further a mood of greater freedom and respect, and to remind us that there is a way out of the sexist prison?

Judith Jackoway
St. Louis, Mo.

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Editorial

The Guardians of Virtue Mount a New Offensive

The following guest editorial was written by Kenneth D. McCormick, chairman of the Freedom to Read Committee of the Association of American Publishers, and W. L. Smith, staff director of the committee.

Alain Robbe-Grillet ("For a Voluptuous Tomorrow," *SR*, May 20) makes a persuasive argument for the socially redeeming value of hard-core pornography. But his voluptuous tomorrow is, in matter of law anyway, a long way off. It will, in fact, recede before us unless some minimal defense is made for soft-core works (nonillustrated, utilitarianly prurient, and rather tedious) along with a maximum effort to protect erotic works of genuine literary quality. Perhaps most important is the need to protect works that take innovative approaches to sex education.

The fact that most of society's uneasiness about pornography is due to a lack of knowledge about sex in general was pointed up by the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography in its September 1970 report to Congress. The report's first and principal recommendation—that there be a massive sex education program for all segments of society—was, however, conveniently buried in the political rush to denounce the recommendation that all penalties for obscenity be abolished where adults are concerned. That recommendation had its liberal critics, however, for it was not based, as they would have preferred, on the inviolability of the First Amendment, but rather on extensive empirical evidence that pornography is harmless and, in numerous cases, is salutary for adults.

The extent to which society is handicapped by insufficient sex education has been adequately demonstrated by almost every agency in the field, but as our own examples we rather like two recent cases involving the *New York Times* and the Boston newspapers, which we thought our allies or at least parties sympathetic to issues involving freedom of the press.

About a year ago the *New York Times* flatly rejected an advertisement for *The Sex Book*, an illustrated encyclopedia intended for young people and published by Herder & Herder, a distinguished house specializing in religious books. The *Times* for some years has had an off-and-on policy regarding illustrated sex manuals. Although the Herder book was the officially adopted sex education text of the Lutheran church in Germany and had received authoritative and enthusiastic notices in the American press, the *Times* was obviously uneasy about running an ad for a book that contained photographs of the male organ in a "discernibly turgid state" (to quote the language in New York's "harmful matter" statute), of the female genitals with "less than a fully opaque covering," and one depicting an act of homosexuality. The *Times* never seriously suggested, however, that the book was legally obscene, for it clearly had socially redeeming value.

That the Herder ad consisted of a photograph of a couple (girl and boy) about to kiss and a number of endorsements from religious leaders also did not matter at all to the *Times*. It was not the ad that the newspaper objected to, but the book. "Well," we asked, "have you seen some of the movies for which you're running ads?" We were referring, of course, to the strongest of the Forty-second Street fare, in which scenes of actual intercourse now include visible male orgasm. "No," said the *Times*, "but what we do is clean up the ad." Indeed it does. In the *Times*'s ads, *Phallic Worshipper* becomes *Worshipper*, *Fireball* is transformed into *Firebell*, and *Tits: A Film Documentary on Breasts* runs as *Breasts*.

After rejecting the Herder ad for a full year, the *Times* finally admitted it was caught in a bit of an inconsistency. It has recently issued a new policy statement. Hereafter the *Times* will judge only the ad, and, if there's any question about the legal obscenity of the book itself, it will be guided by the tests set down by the Supreme Court. Brick indeed for the newspaper that has won the Pulitzer Prize for having championed the First Amendment by publishing the Pentagon Papers!

In Boston all three papers rejected an ad for the movie *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*, largely because of its title. One paper said straight out that "organism" had to go. This decision was presumably made by somebody who not only didn't know, but wouldn't bother to find out, the difference between an organism and an orgasm.

Plain stupidity and fear about sex and sex education are bad enough in themselves; but when these human failings are exploited by pressure groups that have appointed themselves the guardians of obvious virtue, we might expect some slight stirring in the liberal ranks. Yet there are few who have spoken out against such groups as Morality in Media and Citizens for Decent Literature, which are busily amassing funds and members to launch a variety of attacks against the First Amendment, the most pernicious being the effort to remove the socially redeeming value test from state obscenity laws. It's not just the hard-core they're after, which is, as the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography found out, a paltry and largely unprofitable business that survives only in the larger cities. Under the laws of most states, the sale of hard-core pornography is fairly easy to prosecute, and the penalties are severe.

So it is both odd and revealing that the major campaign of CDL and MM is billed by them as a drive against the hard-core, which they claim can be bought on the streets of such communities as Southport and Grosse Pointe. They claim that as long as the socially redeeming value test is part of a state's obscenity law it's virtually impossible to obtain a conviction. They have therefore gone into several states to get the test removed, completely ignoring the fact that the test indeed separates the hard-core from the soft-core—as has been recognized in every major court case since the Supreme Court enunciated the doctrine in 1957 in the Roth case. But the law that includes the socially redeeming value test will not get them a conviction for *The Sex Book*, which the president of MM has publicly labeled "disgusting," nor can it justify a police bust for selling *Portnoy's Complaint*, *The Sensuous Woman*, various works by Henry Miller, *Myra Breckinridge*, *Barbara*, *Fanny Hill*, *Penthouse* magazine, or anything else that the Supreme Court protected in the Roth case as containing ideas having "the slightest redeeming social im-

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portance," including those that are "unorthodox, controversial, or hateful to the prevailing climate of opinion."

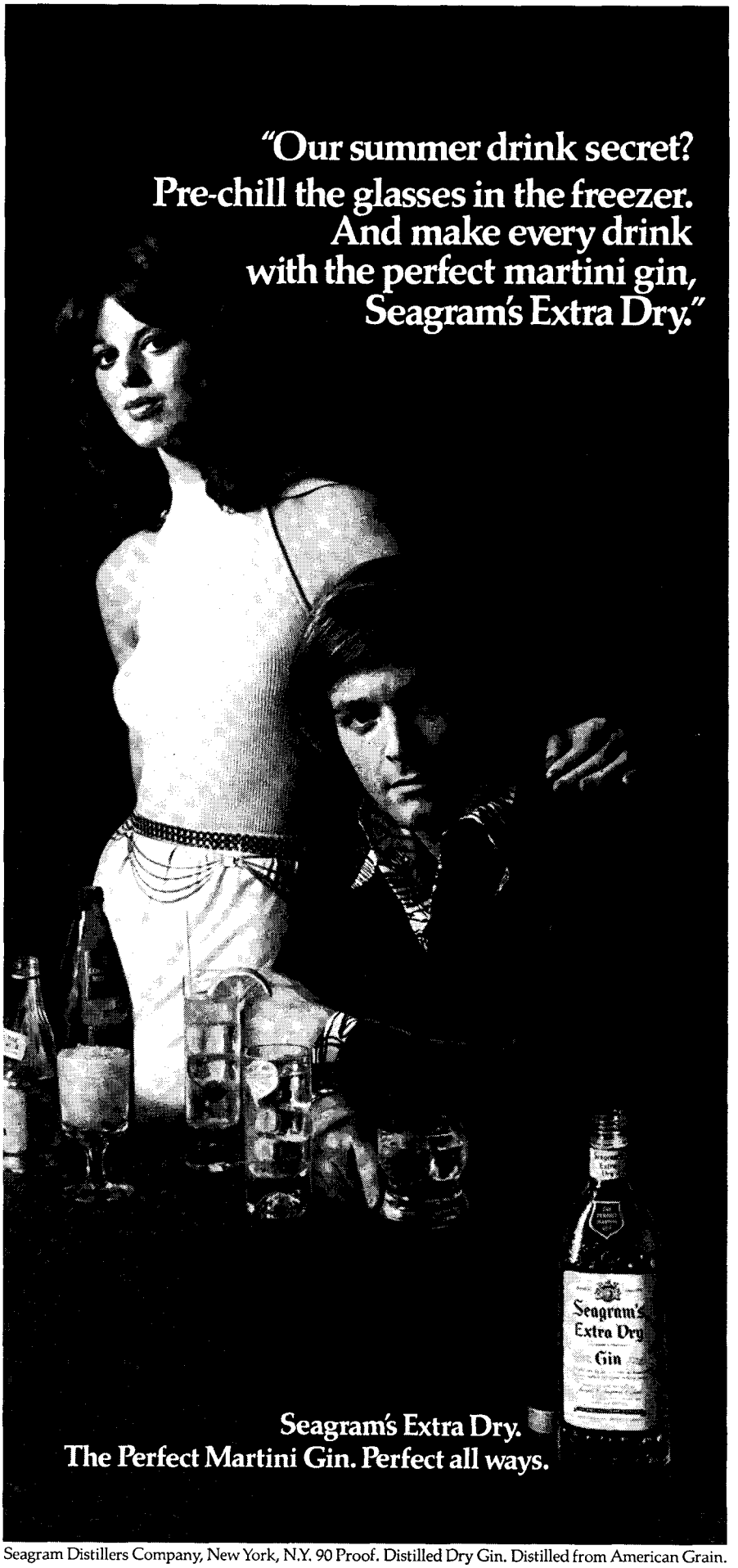
Thus far CDL and MM have been successful in New Jersey but have lost in Connecticut. In New York they were defeated only by the clock in the 1972 session, despite the fact that the bill was promoted like the second half of an exacta ticket by antiabortion lobbyists who buttonholed legislators with color photographs of fetuses allegedly fished out of hospital garbage cans.

CDL and MM are virtually unopposed by any group with anything resembling their financial resources and their nonprofit tax status. CDL admits to merely getting by with a budget of less than $100,000 a year, but MM's three-year fund-raising plan for general operations, research, "special operations," and "endowment" has as its goal a whopping $2,049,700. If they get anywhere near that much, the overkill will be spectacular. They will actually be spending about fourteen cents for every six cents in profit taken in by the hard-core producers (the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography has estimated that retail sales run as low as $5 million per year).

In opposition are some fairly prestigious organizations, which are perpetually strapped for cash and which, not without good reason, have found other ways to spend it than by tracking CDL and MM in all fifty states. In this group are book publishers (represented by the Association of American Publishers), librarians (the American Library Association), authors (the Authors League of America), film-makers (the Motion Picture Association of America), booksellers (the American Booksellers Association), and such various citizens groups as the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Book Committee. Noticeably absent and somewhat standoffish from the group are newspapers and blip-minded broadcasters who haven't as yet seen suppression of sexual material as a threat to their own freedoms, even though they welcome all the help they can get when other First Amendment issues are involved.

All of these groups are, of course, supported financially by their members, and it is the members who ultimately set the policy and the system of priorities. Whether or not you agree that tomorrow need be quite as voluptuous as Mr. Robbe-Grillet envisions, it would seem incumbent on you to get to one of these groups and urge the need for opposing censorship wherever and whenever it crops up.

Kenneth D. McCormick
and W. L. Smith



Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

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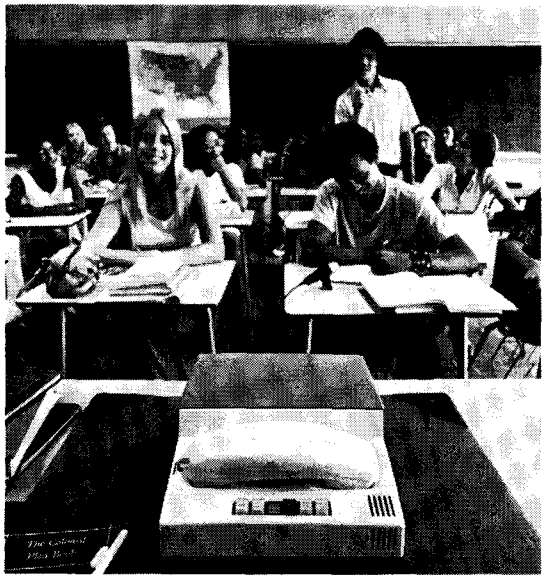
With this phone, a class can visit a senator, a banker, a space-age physicist.



"It's better than a field trip, in many respects," says a teacher who has put the Bell System's new Portable Conference Telephone to work.

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Saturday Review of
EDUCATION

MYTHS, MONEY, AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Every sixth pupil in the United States attends a Catholic school—and many of those schools are collapsing. Here is a two-part look at those institutions: First, a personal account of how much the schools and the teachers have changed, by Caryl Rivers. Second, an analysis of why the schools are in trouble today and a provocative proposal to save them, by Louis R. Gary, consultant to President Nixon's Commission on School Finance and author of the report on nonpublic schools for Governor Rockefeller's commission on education in New York State.

When the Apple Hit the Teacher's Toupee, and Other Stories

BY CARYL RIVERS

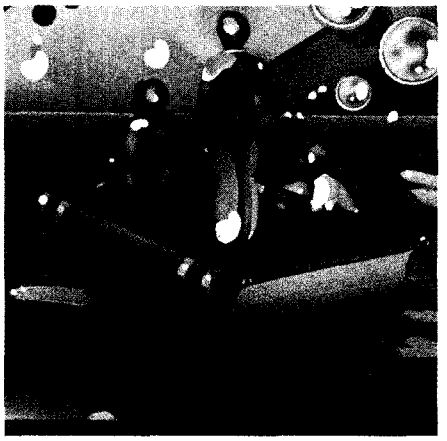
It is the same style face I had seen so often over the foam on a glass of beer in a college hangout, or pressed lightly cheek-to-cheek at the Senior Ball. Irish, no mistaking that, brown hair with its tendency to curl, and the squarish jaw, that now, a year past thirty, shows a hint of future jowls. If I had been farther north, the face would have said *Holy Cross*, or to the south, *Georgetown*, because the genotype held true all over, and you could spot the Irish Catholic college boy who is the prime game for the stalking Catholic college female. But this is Manhattan, so the face says *Fordham*.

The first time I see Barry Ryan he is standing on a podium in front of the coffee-with-cream walls of the Marc Ballroom in Union Square, facing an audience of Catholic lay teachers who had followed him out of their classrooms last November in the first strike of Catholic teachers in memory. The strike was over, and today's order of business is a vote on a raise in dues and brief remarks by candidates for union offices.

Barry Ryan is saying, "We're dealing with a very tough employer here, an employer who is somewhat dishonest. A tough employer who tried to bust the strike and who would try to bust the union if it could."

Barry Ryan is talking about the cardinal. And the archdiocese of New York. HOLY MOTHER CHURCH. Holy Mother Church the union buster, the side-kick of finks and goons? I had seen a picture of a sign carried by one of the striking teachers. It had had a picture of a red bird on it and had read: "The song of the Cardinal is Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!"

(Ah, Fordham, Fordham! Breeder in



my youth of Jesuits and basketball players, of FBI agents and passionate followers of Joe McCarthy, what has become of you? It still boggles my mind, even after Vatican II and radical priests and nuns in skirts above the knees, that a son of Fordham could be standing up there saying such things.)

Barry Ryan picks up the transcript of a TV interview with Monsignor Joseph T. O'Keefe, secretary of education for the archdiocese of New York.

"Gabe Pressman asked O'Keefe when

Caryl Rivers teaches at Boston University, appears as a news commentator on WGBH-TV, and is the mother of two.

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Should Catholic schools match the public schools brick for brick, or should they be an alternative?

the Catholic teachers were going to be paid a living wage. And O'Keefe said, 'I'd say thirteen thousand dollars was a living wage, wouldn't you?'"

There are snickers from the audience.

"Five teachers out of twenty-eight hundred make thirteen thousand a year," says Barry Ryan. "Five. That's proof of my claim that we're dealing with an employer who is somewhat dishonest."

Heads nod in the audience.

What is happening in the Marc Ballroom is something new under the sun of the one, true, universal, and apostolic Roman Catholic Church. It is only recently that lay teachers in Catholic schools have shown an inclination to growl.

In the Fifties, the time of my passage through Catholic schools, the lay teacher was very much an appendage to the school system. From grade three to grade eight I had only one lay teacher, a substitute who stepped in for two weeks when a nun was ill. Not only did she lack a habit, but she was a substitute, the foreign legion of the teaching profession, upon whom we children believed it our moral duty to heap abuse. She did not seem broken up upon leaving us.

In high school the lay teachers tended to be devout middle-aged ladies or girls fresh out of Catholic colleges whiling away the time until somebody slipped a diamond on their delicate ring finger. The qualities of sacrifice that led teachers to the Catholic schools, were, alas, not always coupled with an aggressive intellectual spirit.

I remember our lay teachers more for their intriguing personal characteristics than for what they taught. Miss Achison always wore the same sweat shirt with the picture of a wild goose on the front. We locked Miss Bolero out of the classroom one day and had a battle with the stuffed animal mascots that sat around the room. She left after that year to form an order of nuns. Miss Reardon was terribly exotic; she wore false eyelashes and taught drama. When she chaperoned the prom, she wore a black dress with a pink fishnet flounce that made her resemble a stacked mermaid. She did a samba that left our dates goggle-eyed.

Mr. Lapham taught diction. He was a short, middle-aged man who wore a toupee that kept slipping In one of the classes the girls were experimenting with injecting an apple with blue ink from a fountain pen. The apple was tossed from one girl to another at exactly the moment that Mr. Lapham decided to stroll down the aisle, incanting the vowels: "AAAAEEEEIIIOOOO UUU." It hit him on the side of the head, knocking off his toupee and dripping ink and apple down his face.

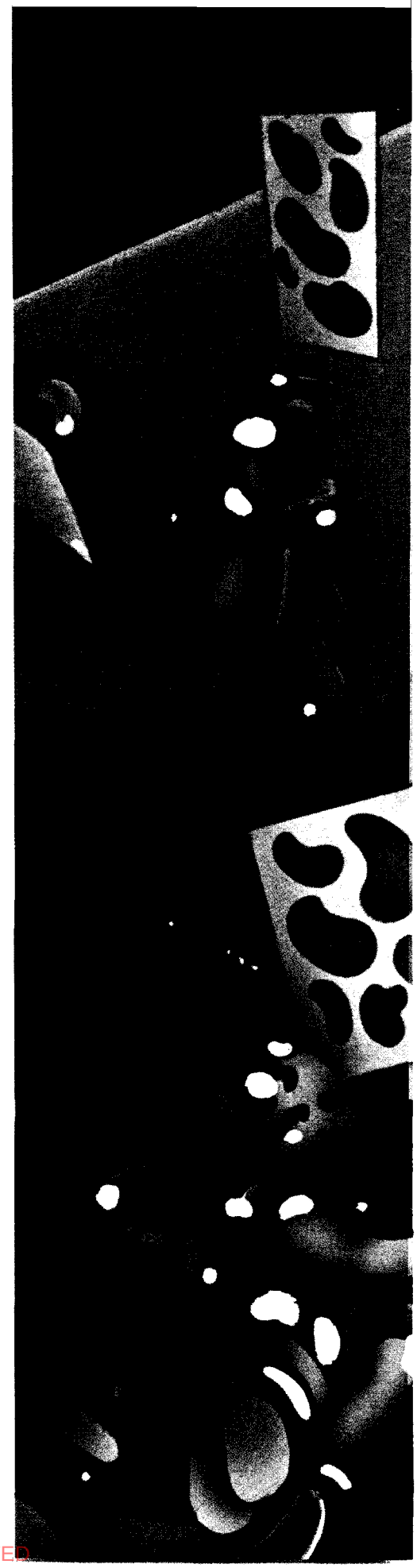
There was only one lay teacher—Miss Saunders, who taught us government—whose course I remember. She seemed to have the right combination of knowledge and cynicism for the job.

Today, the future of lay teachers depends on the future of Catholic schools. Despite the image of the church as a vast, top-heavy monolith, the Catholic school system is precisely the opposite, a loose confederation of fiefs, baronies, and homesteads upon which it is difficult to impose much of anything. A progressive, free-wheeling school with an approach to religion rooted in a broad-based Christian humanism can exist cheek-by-jowl in the same diocese with a school that is conservative, hide-bound, and resistant to change. There is much debate about the "Primary Proximate Purpose" of the Catholic schools. Are they supposed to teach New Math or Morality? Should they serve the affluent suburbs or the city poor? Should they match the public schools brick-for-brick, band-for-band, or should they be an alternative to the public school system?

The voices that argue for an alternative say that the Catholic system, because it is not hampered by the rigid bureaucracy of the public schools, is the place to experiment. A willing pastor, some good ideas, and a decent amount of cash can be the ingredients for an exciting environment. It worked that way in East Boston.

"Eastie," a section of Boston cut off from the rest of the city by Boston harbor, is a largely working-class, Italian community. If it has developed twinges of paranoia about the forces impinging upon it, that is not surprising. Slices of the community were lopped off to make room for two tunnels to speed commuters into the city, and Logan International Airport took great bites out of the community's parkland and residential areas.

For years East Boston just sat there and took it, but the worm turned four years ago when a group of housewives took to the streets and stood in front of trucks that were rumbling by their homes on the way to the airport. It has been turning ever since. Holy Redeemer parish has been an active force in the community's rejuvenation, and



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On the bulletin board one sees, not the expected picture of the Virgin, but portraits of the birth of Venus.

Holy Redeemer's Fitton School is an example of what Catholic educators mean when they speak of an alternative to the public schools.

I took a tour of Fitton one morning and stopped off in Joe McInerney's classroom (fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-graders by the old structure; Fitton uses "vertical grouping," which eliminates grades). Joe is a tall, lean, young man with dark hair that curls over the collar of his shirt.

He has been teaching the class about propulsion. He shows me a set of "tracks" he has set up—strings running from one side of the classroom to the other. The kids gather around to demonstrate how the tracks work. A girl wearing dungarees under her school jumper climbs up on a desk and attaches a blown-up balloon to a homemade runner mechanism that is hung on the string. The balloon is suspended from the string like a below-track monorail. The girl snips off the knot holding the air in, and the balloon zooms off down the track.

The balloon wobbles as it nears the end of its run. Joe explains that the kids tried to put stabilizers on it. First they tried crayons, which were so heavy they pulled the balloon off the track. They finally settled on bottle caps, which worked fine.

The kids demonstrate another experiment. They put an unblown balloon under a heavy dictionary. A boy leans over and blows up the balloon, and it lifts the dictionary off the surface of the desk.

"One of the kids said to me, 'Air has strength!' That was their word for it," Joe says. "These experiments give them an idea of propulsion, thrust, elasticity, and sound."

(I begin to regret that I was born twenty years too late to inhabit this classroom. These kids understand *why* the balloon goes; they are not just memorizing facts about it. I remember sitting in a sixth-grade classroom listing the qualities of a coniferous tree and a cumulus cloud. Or was it a cumulus tree and a coniferous cloud? But we never got to go outside and look at the sky.)

The things Joe and his students do together would have been unheard of in the schools I went to. He runs a baking class in which boys are the most enthusiastic students, helps the kids make their own hockey nets, and is teaching them mythology. On the bulletin board there is, not the expected picture of the Blessed Mother, but portraits of the birth of Venus, done by his students and modeled on the original by Botticelli.

Fitton gives its students a grounding in moral values, but it is not the old Baltimore-catechism—holy-card—one-true-faith variety that I knew in school. "The citadel mentality is gone," Joe says. "Even in formal religion classes the old indoctrination has disappeared. One of the sisters taught a course in comparative religion, and it did not have a doctrinal bias toward Catholicism. The emphasis is on Christianity as a way of life—more humanistic, less dogmatic. I think there's an attempt to create a Christian atmosphere, an effort to ensure that the kids will learn a certain respect for each other that will not be lost."

Joe McInerney, now twenty-four, went into teaching two years ago, after he graduated from Duquesne University. He considered graduate school in engineering, but that would have made him 1-A material for the draft. He decided to try teaching. "It wasn't exactly the noblest of motives," he says with a grin.

McInerney's future in the parochial school system is uncertain. He makes $6,000 a year and admits that he could not make it financially were it not for the fact that his wife teaches in the public schools and makes considerably more than he does. Fitton's financial status is extremely shaky. The parish priest, Monsignor Mimie Pitaro—who is the first one to praise Joe's talents as a teacher—is dickering with the order of nuns that teaches at the school for full religious staffing of the school. He is wrestling with a $20,000 deficit, which happens to be just about the amount that is paid to lay teachers at the school. Full religious staffing would leave Fitton solvent—and Joe jobless.

Barry Ryan is sitting in the small office of the Catholic Teachers Federation on the twenty-sixth floor of the Graybar Building in mid-town Manhattan. He says the old-style lay teachers—the Westchester housewives who want to earn some extra money or the dedicated lay people with little professional training—are on the way out.

The new-style lay teachers are career-minded men who have to support a family or women who think of themselves as professionals. As they have moved into the system in greater numbers, the union movement has grown. The American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) represents some 5,000 lay teachers in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities. There were Catholic teacher strikes in both San Francisco and New York last year, and the AFT has set up a full-time office to handle lay teachers' affairs.

Barry Ryan went to his first meeting of what was then the Catholic Lay Teachers Group in 1967. He remembers that there were ninety-six women and four men present, and the median age was around forty-five. It was more of a social group than anything else, with discussions focusing on such things as Crayola workshops. But there was considerable interest in a raise in salary; elementary teachers at the time were making $3,600 a year.

The lay teachers decided to organize, and the CLTG won an election to be the sole bargaining agent for them in the archdiocese. The membership then affiliated with the AFT, which resulted in prolonged wrangling with the archdiocese. "They were afraid of an AFT local," says Ryan. New salary negotiations started last June and dragged on until the strike vote (481-198) in November.

The union asked for a salary range of $8,500 to $15,500, with elementary and secondary teachers reaching parity in six months. The archdiocese, starting with the old scale of $6,600 to $13,000, offered $200 raises for elementary teachers and $400 for secondary teachers.

When the strike began, the union claimed that 85 per cent of the lay teachers stayed out of their schools. As the days wore on, however, it became clear that the union didn't have staying power. Four days before Christmas, the union voted to accept the archdiocese's offer.

"We've got to take the Roman collar from around the neck of the school system," Barry Ryan says in the Marc Ballroom. He is trying to sell the membership on the raise in dues that the executive committee has proposed. He explains that the dues raise is absolutely necessary to keep the affiliation with the AFT.

"We're dead without affiliation," he said to me earlier. It is no secret that during the strike some of the leaders in New York went to the chancery and leaned—respectfully—on the hierarchy. Their message: Don't bust the union.

The vote is taken, amidst the murmur of voices. There have been complaints that the leadership has not communicated as effectively with the membership as it should have. The dues raise will be expensive. It will cost the lowest-scale teacher a minimum of $75 just to pay for affiliation; that doesn't count assessments for the operating expenses of the union.

The ballots are counted. Result: The dues raise is defeated.

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The executive council huddles at the podium. Then Barry Ryan walks to the mike and announces, "I am not a candidate for president of this union."

He walks down from the podium and takes a seat in the audience. There are cries of "No, Barry!" and "Barry, wait!"

I drift around the room; the issue seems very confused. Susan Kilgannon, a third-grade teacher at St. Philip Neri School, says, "It's a colossal mess. It's a mess because of the people."

"Do people think the leadership is too militant?"

"I don't see where militancy comes into the picture. We were the most polite pickets you ever saw."

A pleasant-looking young man with longish hair steps to the mike and begins to outline the rules for the election. He reads a list of regulations for candidates. The mimeo machine is to be used only in the presence of a member of the executive committee. The folder stuffer will not be available. It tends to shred letters instead of stuffing them. The Addressograph Scriptos will be available to all candidates. . . .

(I am thinking, Would Jimmy Hoffa sweat about the mimeo machine? Would John L. Lewis have furrowed those famous brows over the folder stuffer? Would George Meany count the Scriptos?)

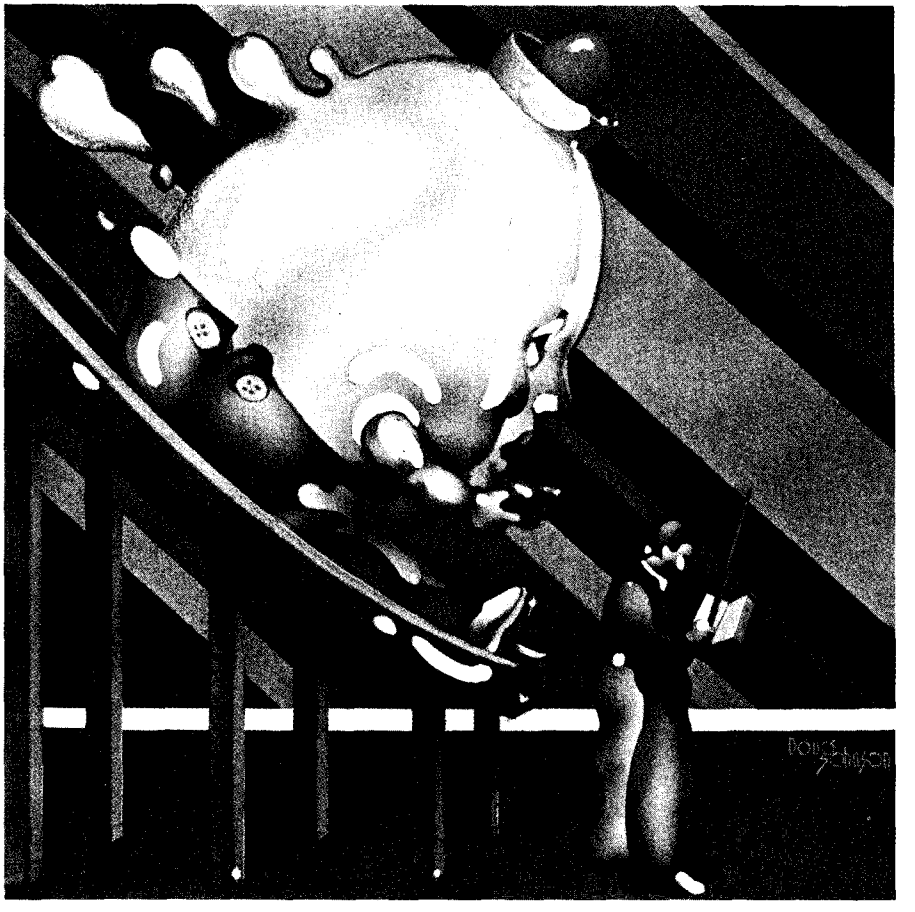
Barry Ryan walks back to the mike. The teachers stand and applaud. A grin spreads across his face. He says, "I think I brought this union a hell of a long way as president. Now it's up to you in the weeks and months ahead. I've run the course. I thank you for the last two years. They've been good ones. God bless you all."

His voice is strong and calm, but I notice that his hands vibrate as he grips the lectern. This whole business of unions and strikes is a gut-wrenching affair.

The Federation of Catholic Teachers then held its election, and it has a new president, Jack O'Neil, a math teacher at St. Michael's High in Manhattan. Jack O'Neil thinks any further loss of the Catholic school system would be a loss to the public as a whole: "If the system goes down the drain, you would lose the competitive drive between public and parochial schools that makes for quality education. You'd lose a place where new ideas would be tried that can't be tried in the public system."

And he's an optimist. He thinks the men who run the Catholic schools will see that they can no longer operate a school system like a medieval barony with the teachers cast as serfs. "If the school system stays the same," O'Neil says, "it's in trouble. The system can change—if it wants to." □

Myths, Money, and Catholic Schools



The Politics of Aid —and a Proposal for Reform

BY LOUIS R. GARY AND K. C. COLE

By now it has become an accepted fact of public life that the nation's Catholic schools are in trouble. The reasons are all too familiar. Costs are going up, enrollments are going down, and Catholic schools are closing their doors at the rate of one a day. Indeed, enrollments in the U.S. Catholic elementary and secondary schools have dropped 18 per cent in the last three years—and conservative estimates predict they will drop another 42 per cent by 1980.

Political leaders, most notably President Nixon and New York's Governor Rockefeller, repeatedly have promised to save the Catholic schools with some type of public aid. To be sure, the substantial Catholic vote plays a part in their thinking. But political leaders, reinforced by church leaders, also fear that, if the Catholic school system is allowed to collapse, the four million pupils now in Catholic schools throughout the country will be dumped into public schools, which already have more than enough problems of their own.

Unfortunately, public debate about the future of Catholic schools is filled more often with myths and rhetoric than with facts and analysis. The debate, therefore, is confused, the public is misled, and the proposed solutions are ill-chosen. An examination of the real reasons for the enrollment decline —and of the real possibilities of getting large amounts of new public money— leads to the conclusion that the best solution for Catholic schools is to regroup, consolidate, and cut their losses.

The major myth in the debate centers on tuition. The three major aid alternatives considered by the President, Governor Rockefeller, and others are 1) tax credits for families that pay tuition to Catholic schools, 2) direct

Louis R. Gary, former chairman of Cardinal Spellman's Committee on Educational Research and consultant to President Nixon's Commission on School Finance, wrote "Collapse of Nonpublic Education: Rumor or Reality?" for New York State's Fleischmann Commission. K. C. Cole, editor of the Fleischmann Commission Report, is now an associate education editor of *Saturday Review*.

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grants to parents to cover the cost of tuition, and 3) vouchers that schools redeem for cash. All are based on the false premise that enrollments are falling because Catholic parents cannot afford to pay tuition charges to Catholic schools. The assumption is that, if somehow the government can give aid to Catholic schools, tuition will stop rising; if tuition stops rising, enrollments will stop falling. Although this reasoning may be valid for a small proportion of individual families, it is not true as a whole.

In the past, tuition in most Catholic schools has been so low that it has not played a major part in the enrollment decline. Two years ago average yearly tuition in U.S. Catholic elementary schools was only $42. Last year it had jumped to $120—but enrollments have been dropping for a decade.

If enrollments were dropping primarily in inner cities, then it could correctly be inferred that even modest tuition presented an unbearable family burden. But enrollment is dropping even faster in affluent suburbs. The very families that can pay tuition most easily are the ones that are choosing to send their children to free public schools. Further, fully one-third of the Catholic elementary schools that closed in the past five years in New York State, for example, charged no tuition at all.

The real reason why enrollment is dropping is that Catholic parents—for many reasons—simply are choosing not to send their children to Catholic schools. Even in 1962, the high point of Catholic school enrollment, only half of the nation's Catholic school-age population was attending Catholic schools. Today only 33 per cent of that population is enrolled in Catholic schools. Moreover, the schools are just beginning to reflect the recent drop in Catholic birth rates. Infant baptisms of U.S. Catholics fell from 36 per 1,000 in 1955 to 23 per 1,000 in 1970. The Pill is in the Catholic community, and the potential pool of Catholic school children is decreasing rapidly.

Increasingly, Catholic families moving to the suburbs are choosing public schools, which often have attractive physical facilities, gyms, learning labs, and other niceties that Catholic schools can't afford. Academically, however, Catholic schools are as good as public schools—if not better. Catholic schools also are caught in ideological conflicts in the church itself. Liberal parents believe that teaching in Catholic schools can be too restrictive; conservative parents are dissatisfied with the new permissiveness and lack of fidelity to Roman Catholic dogma.

Many Catholic schools are losing their distinctiveness. The growing substitution of lay teachers for nuns and brothers in Catholic classrooms leaves the schools with a less religious flavor; it also leaves the Catholic schools less distinct from public schools.

The fact is, enrollment will drop 42 per cent this decade whether or not new money is found.

Along with falling enrollments, the decline in numbers of teaching brothers and nuns is the most serious economic problem for Catholic schools. In dollar terms, the presence of the religious-order teacher represents a great subsidy to the school. On a national average, religious-order teachers receive cash stipends and room and board worth $2,550 for teaching in Catholic schools, compared with the average salary of $5,597 paid to laymen.

The problem is that this kind of sacrifice is coming to an end. Fewer young people are entering religious orders. In 1950, 93 per cent of the teachers in Catholic schools across the country were brothers or nuns; today fewer than half are brothers or nuns.

Lay teachers are becoming more expensive. Traditionally, lay teachers in Catholic schools have been paid far less than teachers in public schools. But as the number of lay teachers has increased, so has their bargaining power. They still earn less than their public school counterparts, but in many cities they have joined unions, and by 1980 they probably will be paid as much as public school teachers.

Catholic schools depend on two main sources of income to cover these rising costs: general church revenue and tuition. General church revenue comes from Sunday collections and fund-raising events to which all Catholics (not just those with children in Catholic schools) contribute. Today more than 55 per cent of general revenue is channeled into parish schools, leaving little for all other parish services, which also have rising costs. Meanwhile, the level of contributions is falling off and failing to keep up with inflation. Overall, Catholic families contribute less than 2 per cent of their incomes to their parish church, and the rich contribute a far smaller proportion of their income than do the poor.

The other source of income—tuition—also is not likely to produce new money. To be sure, some private Catholic high schools—those with an excess of upper-middle-class applicants—could increase tuition without causing an enrollment decline. But as there is no mechanism in the church to redistribute money between rich schools and poor schools, or rich parishes and poor parishes, this would not help the elementary schools, which make up three-fourths of the nation's 11,000 Catholic schools.

Across the country Catholic schools are predominantly middle-class institutions. If the schools increased tuition to cover their costs, tuition would be so high that it would price out many middle-income (and large) families. Thus, while the cost of tuition generally has not caused enrollment decreases in the past, if it is increased, it might precipitate a mass exodus from Catholic schools in the future. The poor certainly would be driven out, and Catholic schools play an important role in many cities, where the enrollment often includes a large percentage of non-Catholic black pupils. Obviously, Catholic schools in the cities cannot raise tuition if they are to provide alternatives to the public schools for the poor. Conversely, tuition should be raised in wealthier parishes, based on the family's ability to pay.

The past rhetoric of Catholic leaders, however, will make such a strategy extremely difficult, if not impossible. For years church leaders—in order to get aid—have tried to convince politicians that Catholics couldn't contribute more to their schools. They were, of course, telling their people the same thing. Now, if massive aid does not come from the government, the clergy will have so convinced the people that they *cannot* afford to sustain their schools that the people—even those who can afford it—will never believe that they *can*.

But not even substantial amounts of new income from tuition, contributions, or the government are going to help the Catholic schools until church leaders stop concentrating their efforts on keeping schools open that will close in a few years anyway. Instead of continuing to preserve buildings, church leaders should begin to preserve the option of Catholic education itself.

This means they must close inefficient schools and consolidate the system. The fact is, enrollment will drop 42 per cent this decade, whether or not new income is found. The difference between the current policy of overextension and a policy of planned consolidation will determine whether the Catholic school system will decline to half its present size or will collapse completely.

Church leaders have not planned well for the future. Until recently they continued to hire new teachers; they closed only a few schools; they continued to build new schools in the suburbs. Each year, as enrollment falls, they have been paying higher and higher costs to educate fewer and fewer pupils. If the church leadership persists in trying to keep the school

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system operating at its present level, Catholic schools will run an annual operating deficit of $2.2 billion by 1975; pupil/teacher ratios in Catholic elementary schools will fall from 30/1 today to 12/1 by 1980. Every move to slow that ratio by consolidation could save Catholic schools millions of dollars.

One reason why church leaders have not consolidated the schools is that they are depending on promises of public aid to keep the system going. But political leaders who promise the aid don't know whether they can deliver it and conform to the Constitution—and they probably can't. In return, Catholic leaders say that public aid will stop the decline in enrollments—which it won't.

Catholics have good reason to expect something. Last August, in a speech to the Knights of Columbus, President Nixon departed from his prepared text to pledge support to Catholic schools. He noted the number of school closings and said: "We must resolve to stop that trend and turn it around. You can count on my support to do that." The pledge not only startled the Knights but astonished the President's own staff, who wondered how they were going to fulfill it. Indeed, Sidney P. Marland, the U.S. commissioner of education, said he knew of no legal means of allocating public funds directly to nonpublic schools or to the parents of children who attend them. In April the President renewed his pledge for aid, in a speech to the National Catholic Educational Association, but this time he said that finding a means to do it would take time. Once again, however, he contributed to the myth that money will solve the problem and, worse yet, that the money can be delivered.

For his part, Governor Rockefeller also contributes to the rhetoric that tends to obscure the real solutions to the problems of Catholic schools in the future. Two years ago, when he ran for re-election, he placed ads in every major Catholic newspaper in the state, listing the aid bills enacted during his administration. "We've done a lot," the ads boasted. "We'll do more." At that time Rockefeller also formed a major state commission on education and then told church leaders privately that he controlled the commission chairman, Manly Fleischmann, a Buffalo lawyer. Rockefeller also told Catholics that the commission would come out in favor of state aid to Catholic schools. Rockefeller, however, did not control the commission, and the majority report came out against aid.

Rockefeller's commitment to aid is so strong that last year he signed a $33-million bill providing public money to Catholic schools on the very day that the U.S. Supreme Court ruled similar

Catholics have based the future of their schools on hollow political promises.

bills in three other states unconstitutional. This year, when a three-judge panel ruled the New York law unconstitutional, Rockefeller promised to find some way that would be constitutional.

He then signed a bill to provide tuition grants, graduated tax credits, and direct grants to nonpublic schools for repair and maintenance. The fate of that bill is bleak also. Three-judge federal courts in Ohio and in Pennsylvania have declared tuition grants unconstitutional; the repair and maintenance of sectarian schools is even more blatantly against Supreme Court standards for aid. The only outside chance for New York's new law is the tax-credit scheme. It will not, however, help the poor. Instead it will benefit the middle class, the very Catholic families that increasingly are abandoning the Catholic schools for nonfinancial reasons.

In recent cases involving public aid to nonpublic schools, the U.S. Supreme Court has argued that the very precautions the government would have to take to ensure that the aid would be used for nonreligious purposes would entail the kind of church-state entanglement that the Constitution prohibits. If no conditions are attached to the aid, on the other hand, the government would be acting irresponsibly by providing aid for potentially religious purposes. If conditions are attached, then the government would become excessively enmeshed in church affairs. Certainly, the imposition of any condition that Catholic schools must consolidate to be eligible for government aid would constitute such entanglement in the eyes of the High Court.

Many Catholic bishops, however, would welcome a government order to consolidate. They have agreed privately that consolidation is necessary but are reluctant to initiate such a move themselves. Many parishioners simply would ignore any church order to close their beloved—and inefficient—schools. After all, church leadership has been insisting all along that school closings signal the collapse of the system rather than its salvation. Now they're sunk in their own propaganda.

At times, they have tried to close inefficient schools in a systematic way. They have announced, for example, that they will close a certain school in three years. The few times they have announced this, however, the schools have closed the following September. The reason was panic. Panic on the part of Catholic parents who wanted a stable environment for their children, panic on the part of teachers who wanted a stable job.

It will be difficult for church leaders to abandon their rhetoric. For years the threat of massive school closings has been their trump card in the political game they have played for government dollars, and the politicians have bought this argument. President Nixon has referred to the "tragedy" that one Catholic school closes each day. In fact, the consolidation program needed to keep the Catholic school system alive would involve closing two or three schools a day.

The final myth is that, no matter how much it might cost to aid the Catholic schools, it would cost much more if most of the pupils now in those schools were transferred into the public school system. The fact is, however, that projected enrollment declines in most public elementary schools would make room for most transfers at a cost that makes this a viable public policy option. In New York State alone it would cost the taxpayers $415 million more in public aid through 1980 to keep Catholic schools operating at their current level than it would to absorb Catholic transfers into public schools.

Unfortunately, the policies of both the church and the politicians have been based on sincere misconceptions. They will be difficult to abandon. But the time has come to rapidly reorder public thinking on the future of Catholic schools. If the courts do rule that substantial public aid to nonpublic schools is unconstitutional—and they probably will—then the country must prepare for not only a 50 per cent drop in Catholic school enrollment but a substantial phasing out of the system that now holds several million Catholic pupils. The public schools could absorb such an influx over the decade with adequate planning and preparation. But the myths and rhetoric that now dominate the Catholic school debate will lead only to collapse, dislocation, and severe overcrowding in the public schools.

To prevent this collapse, the Catholic leadership must begin immediate, massive consolidation of Catholic schools. At the same time political leaders must tell Catholics how much public aid they can expect over the decade. The remaining aid alternatives should be tested in the courts. Only then can church leaders be freed from their current state of uncertainty. Only then can Catholics confront the present-day value of their schools and decide how much they would be prepared to sacrifice to preserve them if large amounts of public funds are not forthcoming. □

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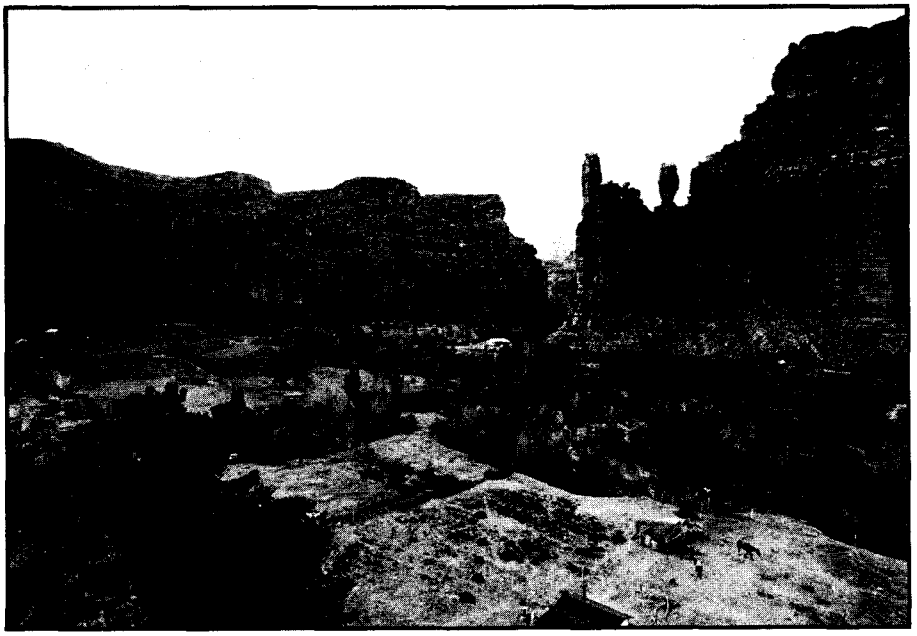

HEAD START IN THE GRAND CANYON

Honoring the culture and dignity of an ancient people whom history has not always favored

Photographers Terry and Lyntha Eiler lived and taught for a year in a village in the Grand Canyon. At the time of their visit, the village (above) had only twenty houses.

On a narrow plateau 4,000 feet below the southwest rim of the Grand Canyon and 1,000 feet above the main canyon floor, the sere reds and sandy hues of the landscape turn suddenly to green, and tall cottonwoods and fruit trees abound. This is Havasu Canyon, where Havasu Creek bubbles up out of a natural spring, and where, long before recorded history, the Havasupai Indians made their home.

The Havasupai still live in the canyon, but they no longer build homes and camps far from the tiny village of Supai, which was always their base, and they no longer freely roam the canyon to hunt wild game. Instead, the 350 members of the tribe inhabit a small reservation within Grand Canyon National Park. It is a curious island where the past and the present, the sanctity of the tribe and the encroachment of conquering civilization, chafe constantly against each other in necessary compromise. The Havasupai treasure their nationhood, but their future is dependent on the U.S. government's Bureau of Indian Affairs. And because the BIA deems twelve-year schools in the canyon impractical, almost all Havasupai children must leave Supai upon completion of the fourth grade to be schooled in special Indian boarding institutions or in public schools in faraway towns.

Photographer Terry Eiler saw Supai for the first time when he visited the canyon on assignment for a national magazine. Two years later he returned to Supai with his wife, Lyntha, and from September 1970 until September 1971 the Eilers ran the Havasupai Head Start program for as many as thirty-two children between the ages of three and six. The Eilers lived in a one-room apartment in the same building that housed their school; they had one of the few flush toilets in the village, and they used the school's kitchen to do their cooking.

Assisting the Eilers were two aides and a cook, all women from the village. One of the aides was their next-door neighbor and the mother of three of the Head Start children. Despite the Havasupai's general suspicion of "Anglos," the Eilers gradually made many close friends among members of the tribe.

Throughout their year in the canyon the Eilers followed one cardinal axiom: They were the employees of the Havasupai Indians, responsible to the tribal council, there to make the transition to the outside world as easy as possible for the children of the reservation. They had been hired to teach certain specific skills, but they also believed that it was part of their job as teachers to honor the dignity and culture of an ancient people whom history had not always favored.

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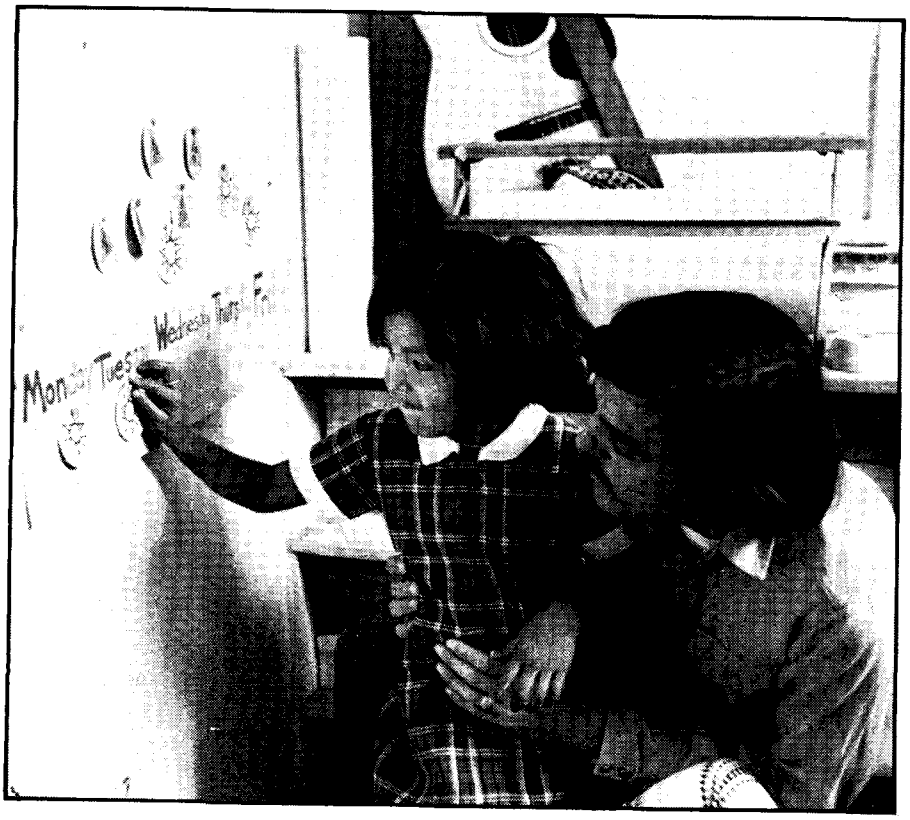

Mornings in the Havasupai Head Start program began with a game designed to teach hand coordination. At left, Terry Eiler guides a student as she places a marker underneath the appropriate day of the week. In many ways the program was similar to Head Start programs everywhere.

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The Eilers decided to use photography as their main teaching tool. With enough cameras and film to enable each child to take 120 pictures, they made frequent field trips outside the school building, usually two or three times a week. By identifying the objects they had photographed, the children, many of whom spoke only the Havasupai language, began to learn English.

Cameras and tape recorders helped the reservation children make the transition to the outside world.

One main responsibility of the Head Start teachers who work with the Havasupai is to instruct their students in the rudiments of English—the youngest children speak only their native Havasupai when they first come to the Head Start school. Before the Eilers accepted the job as Head Start teachers at the reservation, they decided to work with the teaching tool they found most comfortable and familiar—photography. As a grant from the Polaroid Corporation they received thirty cameras and enough film for each child to take 120 pictures.

The Eilers' use of photography in their teaching had several different elements. They took their students on picture-taking expeditions two or three times a week. For part of each day, they used the photographs the children had recently made to familiarize them with the appropriate English words. They were helped, moreover, by a simple tape recorder called a Language Master, which recorded the children's own voices repeating the English words in imitation of their teachers. The complete instructional system consisted of a special card with a few inches of audio tape at the bottom that played back spoken words when the children fed it through the machine, the words themselves written on the card and a photograph of the object mounted on the card next to the written word. Occasionally the Eilers even began with the Havasupai word on the tape and then introduced the English equivalent.

But words and pictures were only part of the Eilers' school day. As in more conventional Head Start programs, the Eilers taught their students such basics as physical coordination, colors, the days of the week, and numbers. Play was also an important element of the program. And at one point the Eilers helped to raise money by silk-screening souvenir Supai T-shirts for sale to tourists, so that they could take their students on a special field trip to Los Angeles and Disneyland.

The Head Start school day was supposed to begin at nine o'clock in the morning, but according to the Eilers, children began arriving at seven "because we had all the toys." It was the sort of job that has no formal time limit, one in which dedication becomes a natural component. In fact, the couple who taught at the school before the Eilers grew so attached to the Havasupai that they returned last fall to spend this year—their second—as teachers in the canyon. □

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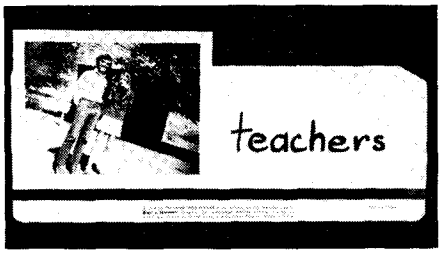

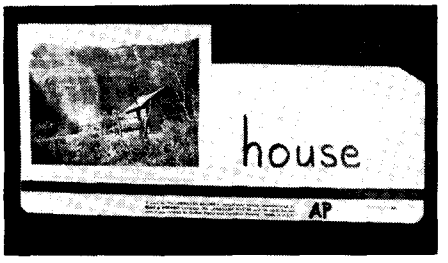

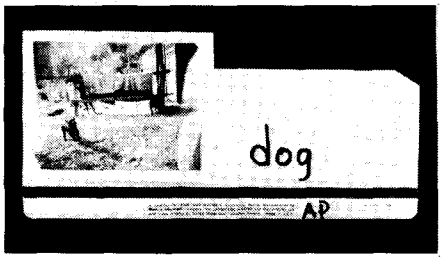

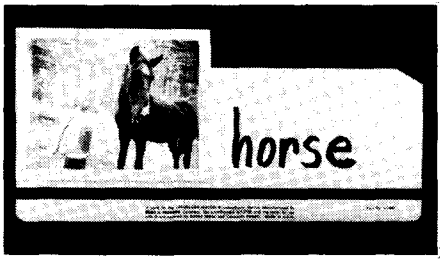

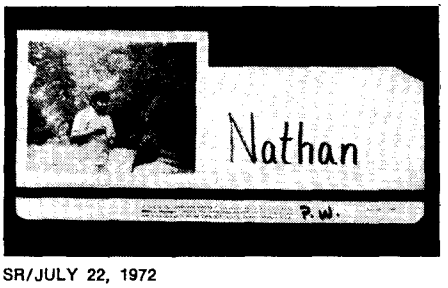

After the children had photographed various familiar objects on their field trips, the Eilers mounted the photographs on special cards designed to be used with a "language machine" —the cards held a small strip of audio tape that played back the spoken English word the picture represented. Because they lived and taught in the same building, the Eilers were usually surrounded by children. Above, they set off for a stroll down Supai's main street with a group of students.

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NO SILVER SPOON FOR HIGHER EDUCATION

BY ERIC WENTWORTH

Confronted with mounting signs of a financial crisis in higher education, Congress finally passed an imposing legislative package, which President Nixon signed on June 23, that will almost certainly provide far more federal aid for college students than for the institutions they attend. For the prospective students and their families, especially those of modest means, that should be good news. For the financially strapped colleges and universities—well, it might have been worse.

The enactment of any new higher education programs at all this year was no mean feat. A compromise bill finally emerged May 17 from an all-night session that climaxed weeks of Senate-House conference bargaining. It survived only through the persistence and persuasiveness of Senator Claiborne Pell, patrician Democrat from Rhode Island, who headed the Senate conferees; Representative Carl D. Perkins, affable Kentucky Democrat, who led the House delegation and chaired the conference itself; and such other lawmakers as Representatives Albert H. Quie, Republican of Minnesota, and John Brademas, Democrat of Indiana. They succeeded not only in resolving scores of higher education issues and such complex questions as the format for a $2-billion aid program for desegregating school districts but also in reaching accord on what had become the most politically difficult issue of all: busing.

For the higher education community, two policy questions have remained in the forefront throughout the past two years of congressional deliberations.

One issue involved increasing federal aid for millions of students, both those from low-income families seeking a college education despite serious financial and academic handicaps and those from middle-income families that have been finding educational expenses increasingly hard to meet.

The other major policy question entailed some form of new, general-purpose operating subsidies for the nation's roughly 2,600 private and public colleges and universities caught between inexorably increasing costs, fueled largely by inflation, and revenues that lagged despite repeated boosts in tuition.

For student aid the final legislation included the top-priority initiative of Pell's Senate education subcommittee: a new program of "basic educational opportunity grants" for undergraduates, patterned after the GI bill, which helped so many veterans after World War II.

All students under this program will be "entitled" to yearly grants amounting to $1,400, less a calculated amount that they or their families can "reasonably be expected to contribute" toward their educational expenses. If the program is fully funded, individual grants will be limited to 50 per cent of total college attendance costs and will be limited as well by the student's specified need—meaning the difference between attendance costs and the family contribution. The student will, in fact, receive whichever amount is smaller. If the program is less than fully funded, individual "entitlements" will be reduced by various percentages, and actual grants will be limited to, at most, 60 per cent of need.

A prime selling point of this approach is that the student's entitlement assures him federal assistance regardless of which college he attends, regardless of what state it is located in. Federal money under the old student aid programs was—and will continue to be—allocated by federal formula among the states and distributed among institutions within each state by regional review panels.

At the same time the new basic grants program poses a number of administrative problems. The U.S. commissioner of education must produce schedules showing expected family contributions at various income levels, plus regulations for determining costs of attending the various colleges. Only time will tell how unwieldly for all concerned the program's administration may prove to be.

Only time, too, will tell the total cost of funding all students' entitlements fully. While the legislation was pending before Congress, these costs were estimated at $939 million in 1972/73, $995 million in 1973/74, and slightly more than $1 billion in 1974/75. Even before the President signed the bill into law, however, there was widespread recognition that those figures were low. Some saw the annual figure as a minimum of $1.2 billion, and possibly much more.

The higher this total figure proves to be, the less likely it is that actual appropriations will match it. The legislation, moreover, provides for reducing actual grants by varying percentages when the federal funding falls short. A student's entitlement is no guarantee that he will actually receive that much money.

Various old student aid programs were also extended and expanded under the new law: "educational opportunity grants," which will become supplements to the basic grants; the college work-study program, which provides funds to pay students for part-time jobs on or off the campus; and the direct, low-interest loans originally established by the 1958 National Defense Education Act.

Indeed, as the result of one conference compromise, appropriations for these programs must continue at minimum levels totaling more than $653 million before any basic grants are awarded—a requirement that makes full funding of the new program even less likely.

The new law also continues government guarantees for private loans to students and provides for greatly expanding that program through creating a national Student Loan Marketing Association. "Sally Mae"—as the new association is called—is designed to increase the private funds available to students by buying loan paper from banks and other private lenders. The law raises the total yearly volume limit for new loans to $2 billion in 1974/75.

Finally, the legislation authorizes new federal outlays to help finance the various state-level student grant programs starting at $50 million for the first year.

So much for the new bounty for students. What about the colleges and universities where these young men and women will use the federal aid in their pursuit of degrees? What government support can they anticipate in their struggles to make ends meet despite relentlessly higher costs?

The institutions' financial plight has been dramatized over the past two years through reports of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education and the Association of American Colleges, through plaintive testimony at Senate and House hearings, and through disclosures of red-ink budgets and sometimes drastic spending cutbacks at hundreds of individual campuses.

The Washington-based higher education associations rallied behind an institutional-aid proposal introduced by Representative Edith Green, the Oregon Democrat whose House special education subcommittee had charge of the legislation. Her approach called simply for general operating subsidies to be allocated among campuses according to their total full-time-student enrollments: a so-called capitation formula. The subsidies would have provided $100 for each freshman or sophomore, $150 for each junior or senior,

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Eric Wentworth covers education news for the *Washington Post*.

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and $200 for each graduate student, plus additional sums designated to help the smaller colleges.

This put the higher education groups, and Mrs. Green, on a collision course with the Senate and with the Nixon administration. Pell's subcommittee insisted on tying its institutional subsidies to a college's willingness to fulfill national policy by enrolling needy students. The institution would receive a "cost-of-instruction allowance" for each basic-grant recipient it enrolled, the sums to range from $500 per recipient for small colleges down to $100 for very large ones. So insistent was the Pell subcommittee that students be given first priority on federal aid that its bill that first passed the Senate last August provided for cost-of-instruction allowances only after full funding of all basic-grant entitlements and funding at 1971/72 levels of the old student-grant, work-study, and direct-loans programs.

At the outset the administration opposed general institutional subsidies. Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Elliot L. Richardson contended that such outlays would perpetuate the *status quo* at a time when colleges and universities should be moving toward reforms. Other critics attacked the Green "capitation" approach on grounds that institutional needs varied greatly and that subsidies based simply on total enrollments would benefit rich and poor institutions alike, and this would be inequitable.

A year ago this spring the administration swung around to supporting modestly funded cost-of-instruction allowances with the condition that they be linked to the total volume of federal student aid funds allocated to the college—rather than to the number of students aided—lest the institution spread its student aid thinly among the maximum number of recipients.

By last November the House had passed a bill that offered a compromise on institutional subsidies: Two-thirds of the money appropriated would follow the Green "capitation" formula, and one-third would follow the administration's approach. In the final legislation just passed, the compromise provisions for institutional aid represent, on balance, a victory for the Senate and the administration, and a defeat for Mrs. Green and the higher education groups. These provide that 90 per cent of any institutional-subsidy money be linked to student aid: 45 per cent based on the number of basic-grant recipients and 45 per cent based on the volume of other federal student aid the college receives. Only 10 per cent is based on the "capitation" approach, and it applies only to graduate-student enrollments.

Moreover, the new law retains in part the Senate's priority for student aid over institutional aid. Before any institutional subsidies may be paid out of the 45 per cent tied to basic-grant recipients, the basic-grant program must be sufficiently funded each year to assure all student recipients at least 50 per cent of the aid to which they are entitled. Since the cost of 50 per cent funding of basic grants could run between $600 million and $1 billion, and basic grants can be awarded only after $653 million is provided for other student aid programs, it seems highly unlikely that total institutional subsidies will even approach the annual $1-billion ceiling that the current legislation imposes.

The new bill will enable colleges to raise tuitions without pricing themselves out of the market.

The law also authorizes other, more specific, new forms of institutional aid. There are, for example, cost-of-instruction allowances for institutions that increase their enrollment of veterans by 10 per cent in the first year. The colleges, however, would have to spend half of these subsidies on special veterans' programs. Then there are authorizations totaling $275 million over the next three years for matching grants to help plan, develop, and expand community colleges. There are also authorizations totaling $850 million over the same period for planning and running "occupational education" programs, mainly at the post–high school level. In addition, there is a $40-million authorization for emergency aid to institutions in desperate financial straits.

Finally, the new law authorizes $135 million during the next three years for federal grants to support reforms and innovations in higher education. This has been a high-priority item for the administration, which had proposed a National Foundation for Higher Education to run the program. The administration secured the grant-making authority, but not authorization to create the new agency.

Aside from these new programs, the legislation extends and in some cases expands a considerable list of old ones. These include aid for college libraries, for campus construction projects, for instructional equipment, for teacher training and retraining, for community services, for special projects to help disadvantaged students, and for strengthening "developing institutions," which in most cases are black colleges hard pressed for money.

All of these old programs can help at least some institutions carry out at least some of their educational missions. Most of them, however, have been woefully underfunded in recent years, and now they must compete for funds with the costly new higher education programs.

Indeed, they must also compete with a host of new special-purpose ventures that are also contained in the legislation President Nixon has signed. Perhaps the most important of these is the National Institute of Education (NIE), for which $550 million is authorized over three years to pull together and expand the government's educational R&D efforts. But new programs are also included for consumer education, for Indian education, for ethnic heritage studies, and even for an investigation of youth camp safety. And there is, of course, the $2-billion program for aid to school districts that are being desegregated.

All these programs, old and new, will be competing for limited federal dollars—competing with one another, with numerous education programs previously on the books, and possibly with major new programs that may be enacted during the next three years to meet the crisis in public school finance.

For higher education the new legislation's emphasis on aiding students in preference to subsidizing institutions seems clear. One can argue that student aid indirectly subsidizes college operations. It can ease the budget drain for colleges that have been providing student aid money out of their own resources. It can make it easier for colleges to increase revenues by raising tuition without pricing themselves out of the market. To the extent that it expands the nationwide college enrollment, it can fill vacancies in those institutions that have found themselves with a surplus of seats.

Conversely, one can also argue that the low-income students whom the basic-grant program may draw into college are more costly to educate because of their special need for various remedial programs, counseling, and the like.

Indeed, if the new legislation contains any one message for college presidents, trustees, and budget officers, it is simply this: Tighten your belts; the federal government isn't about to spoon-feed you. The message is one that the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education propounded in its report "The More Effective Use of Resources: An Imperative for Higher Education," published shortly before President Nixon signed the bill. "It is not enough to bemoan fate or to look to others for help," the report realistically asserted. "Higher education must also help itself." □

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The Free School Nonmovement

HAS IMAGINATION OUTSTRIPPED REALITY?

BY PETER MARIN

Not long ago leading spokesmen in the free school movement received invitations from students at Tulane and Louisiana State universities to a conference in New Orleans. The organizers of the conference hoped to publicize the free school movement and to provide encouragement to parents and teachers concerned with innovation in New Orleans public schools. Those invited that did attend included: Michael Rossman, prominent in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement and long associated with countercultural groups; Jonathan Kozol, author of Free Schools*; Beatrice and Ronald Gross, editors of* Radical School Reform*; Jane Lichtman, collector and disseminator of information about free universities; Michelle and Larry Coles, organizers of LEAP School in New York; Len Krimmerman, from Inner City College, University of Connecticut; John Patenaude and others from* KOA Newsletter*; Edgar Friedenberg, professor and author of* Coming of Age in America*; Kathryn Marin, from* New Schools Exchange*; Mario Fantini, dean of education at the New Paltz campus of the State University of New York; Steve Bhaerman and Joel Denker, authors of* No Particular Place to Go*; and Terry Doran, who runs a beleaguered free school in the Midwest. In this report, originally intended for our staff purposes only, but so well received by those who read it that we decided to share its contents with our readers, Peter Marin discusses the conference, its participants, and the differing views —and lack of common language—of the various reformers.*

I arrive on a Thursday afternoon and am whisked away to the LSUNO campus by one of the conference organizers. Participants are straggling in by train, bus, and car, and we do not all get together until the first scheduled event of the conference: a general discussion on alternatives in higher education. The evening starts confusedly. There are several scheduled speakers—Patenaude, Friedenberg, Krimmerman, Lichtman, et al. But the program lacks clarity. Publicity has been poor, and instead of the 600 people the organizers expect, perhaps 150 show up. Several of the invited speakers and perhaps a dozen students arrange themselves semicircularly in front of the audience and begin to talk arbitrarily about a proposed program at Goddard College. The audience itself clearly is comprised of persons with a wide variety of concerns. There are some very straight-looking parents; a smattering of school teachers, some of whom are nuns; a few freaky and bored students from local free schools; some stray college students. No one seems particularly interested in the discussion, and a few are already leaving.

Mike Rossman and I are sitting together uneasily in the audience, and after some hesitation I wave my hand in the air. When acknowledged, I say something about the absurdity of it all. Then Michael mentions something about how the evening has been structured: its implicit system of hierarchy and coercion. But none of that has any effect. Although several persons in the audience look at us appreciatively, the speakers go back to their own concerns, still making little contact with the audience. After a while I leap to my feet, shouting, "Stop!" Michael rises beside me. We deliver exaggerated and impassioned speeches about the need for passion and about the waste of time and energy. Some of the speakers are perturbed, but others are relieved, and gradually the audience chimes in. Nobody, it appears, quite knows why anybody else is there, or even who anyone is, and so we decide to break up into smaller groups for a while. Suddenly the large room is like the floor of the stock exchange: People have their hands in the air and are calling out their own interests, and small, chattering crowds are gathering around them. There were groups devoted to such subjects as Innovations in Higher Education, Open Classrooms, How to Start and Run a Free School, Changing Education in New Orleans. Our group (Michael's and mine) attracted those who were tired of education and wanted to move beyond it to a discussion of the changes happening in their *own* lives. The tone is set by some remarks I make to the effect that what really corrodes the life of the young is the inability of adults to find a way to live decently in the world. For a while the discussion stays interesting, teetering on the thin line between abstraction and the humid catharsis of encounter groups. But it finally slides toward encounter, and I have little patience with that. So I wander off, leaving Michael in the thick of it.

Later, standing in a corner and cocking one eye at the whole noisy process, I wonder how it is that education has come to bear the sheer and terrible weight of so many adult concerns. I did not see how in that babble of groups and voices we might find a common language or ground. The event had no form, no center, no focus; it was all edges and peripheries: 150 people with 150 separate concerns, collected to sell their wares and solve their problems—but not really interested in finding out what, if anything, they had in common.

The next day, Friday, started quietly, with afternoon workshops in which one or two of the invited participants conducted three-hour seminars in a

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

A radical educator and former editor of the *New Schools Exchange Newsletter*, Peter Marin is a long-time student of the young. A short portion of this piece has appeared in different form in *NSE*.

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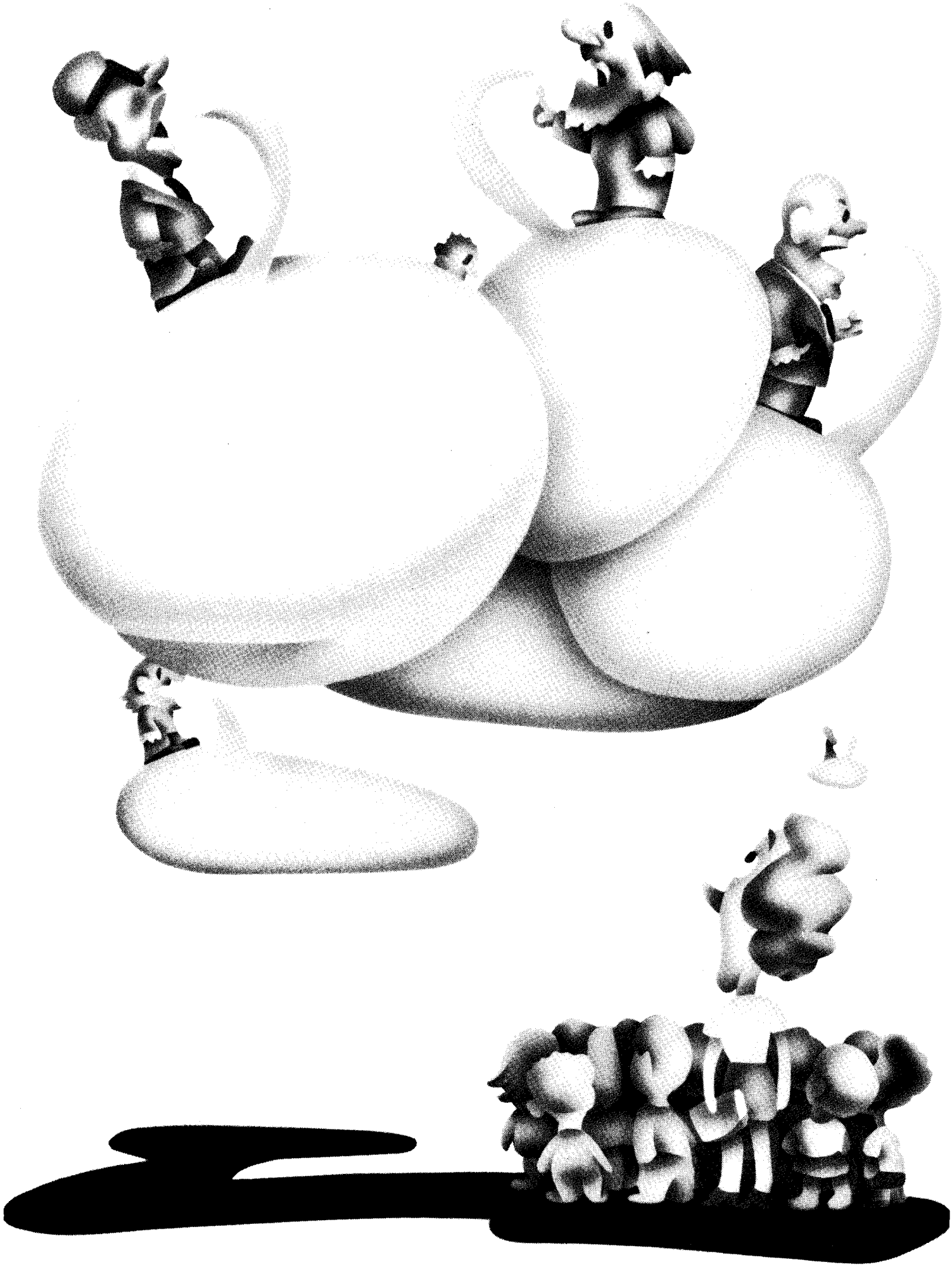

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variety of subjects. Some people wandered from group to group, as at a trade fair. Others joined one group and stayed with it to the end. My workshop, called Beyond Education, or something like that, seemed evenly divided between older and younger persons. The participants tried to discover just how and where one's own education *really* takes place, and just what and who in the present world can help us, and others, to survive. That is: *If our culture is, as it seems to be, without convincing purpose or structure, then how do we learn to live in it and prepare our children for it?* Or: *If the meaning of all acts and relations is uncertain, then how do we help the young to become the creators of meaning: those who resignify the nature of all things?*

We made some progress, but it was tough going. The narrow and restrictive nature of the *language* of education does not allow easy discussion of the full concerns or experiences of people. And people seem to lack a language of their own. They have been overschooled, institutionalized, and they can think about children only in terms of schools. Complex questions about political power, religion and meaning, family and social structure, intrude themselves, but they cannot be discussed with clarity, for all are couched in "educational" terms. Powerless politically, disheartened spiritually, culturally whirled about without reason, those in the workshop still sought an answer to the nation's and their private woes through the schools, as if (familiar myth) we might somehow set right in the classroom the dislocations of the age. Yet when it came to speaking directly about those dislocations, or about their own lives, the participants fell silent or into clichés. Whatever they said about education made little sense, for very little of it was connected in an organic way to the truths of their own lives or the lives of the young.

After the afternoon workshops ended, there was a chilly picnic on the lake shore for the invited participants, and later we all straggled off, shivering, to the gym, where that night's event was to be held. This time the issue was evidently free schools versus public schooling (and open classrooms). Jonathan Kozol was the principal speaker, backed up by the Coleses, Mario Fantini, Joel Denker, Bea Gross, and Kat Marin.

This evening was the worst yet. Though the conference organizers had expected 1,000 persons, only 200 turned out, and in our corner of the bleachers we made a small human island in the large spaces of the gymnasium. Again the audience was scattered in its concerns. The speakers, for the most part,

The audience had come to hear how to improve their public schools; the "experts," to talk about free schools.

were interested in free schools. Only Fantini, it turned out, had anything to say in favor of public schooling. But most of the audience were public school teachers or would-be teachers (or were the parents of children in public schools), and *their* real concerns were about how to improve these institutions. Thus, what followed was of little, if any, interest to them, and they grew impatient with much of it.

Each of the speakers made short introductory statements about what they did, and where. The Coleses, I thought, were best; they are tough and dedicated people who speak accurately about the limits of public schooling and its effects, in New York, on the poor. But much of what they had to say was puzzling to the audience, since most of the listeners had little idea about free schools and little grasp of the subtleties and schisms that pervade the "movement." What's more, none of the speakers bothered to define the roots and aims of free schools. I don't know whether they simply take their objectives for granted or have forgotten them, but whatever the case, the free schools fared badly. No one thought to give firsthand accounts of how the schools really are, or how it feels to move freely with the young in unfettered situations, or how the young need more space, relation, and affection than we grant them anywhere in the culture. Instead, the discussion was dominated by a political condemnation of public schooling and a few angry exchanges about pedagogy and politics between free school enthusiasts. It was lost on most of the audience, who were really there to hear about how to improve their classrooms.

Kozol spoke at great length and eloquently, but having given the speech so often at innumerable campuses, he sounded tired and somehow automatic. He spent a long time condemning both the rural, countercultural concerns of white free schools and the dilettantism of many white bourgeois "radicals" whom he feels to be incipiently racist in their flight from the cities and their unconcern for the blacks. I have a hard time reacting with clarity to what Jonathan says. Most of it is true, and yet it comes couched in such pain, the voice seemingly close to tears throughout, and so mixed with condemnation of alternatives unlike his own that I am too startled, too put off by the apparently reactionary elements in it to accept the truth of whatever he is saying. Even his remarks were directed more toward other free school persons than to the local and older audience.

In short, there were actually two events occurring that evening. In one, free school people were talking to themselves about the issues of politicization and pedagogy. In the other, we were talking haphazardly to an audience that really wanted to know what they could borrow from free schools to use in their own classrooms. They went away dissatisfied. But then so did the free school persons, for the initial effect of the whole evening was one of polarization. People were put at defensive odds with one another. In the hectic and rather angry discussions that followed the talks, those who had come to meet their free school allies found themselves instead confronted by angry enemies. All of us left the gymnasium feeling frustrated, angry, disappointed, edgy—though at the time none of us could tell exactly why.

The next day we all went to Tulane, where more workshops were held. The most interesting one was conducted by the Coleses, Kozol, and Friedenberg. The Coleses and Kozol spoke eloquently for urban and "political" free schools, tracing their roots back to the southern freedom schools. Friedenberg took another and his usual approach. He criticized the whole *idea* of schooling. His concern was for rethinking, from scratch, the roles all schooling plays in the structure of society: how the very idea or category of childhood is at the heart of our educational and related dilemmas. Friedenberg is critical of free schools. He finds in them many of the same hidden assumptions and manipulations that he sees in the public schools. For that reason (as well as differences in style and focus), he and Kozol were soon at odds with each other. Friedenberg refused to accept Kozol's version of free schools as any kind of general solution to problems; Kozol saw in Friedenberg's apparent unconcern a hidden racism, a withdrawal from crisis. In the end, the difference may have been simply that Kozol wants action and Friedenberg wants a change in thought and vision, in imagination.

For me, listening to them, the more difficult question was why the two cannot meet at some point and why they emerge as antagonists and not as friends. The Coleses, too, were at odds with Friedenberg, and then later with me, after I interrupted the conversation with the suggestion that we were

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not connecting with our audience. Most of us, I felt, had still not bothered to ask our hosts in any detail what they wanted, or how we could help them. This created some anger and a bit of shouting, but that, after all, is the style today of political or ideological disagreement, and that, too, eventually settled down.

Late in the afternoon Rossman and I conducted another workshop, this one, again, devoted to adult problems. After much talk, this likewise became something of an encounter group. Each person talked about his or her own expectations and needs in relation to the conference and education. What emerged was interesting, generally hopeful, and partially distressing. It revealed in those who spoke a fear and uncertainty about how to organize their own lives and fulfill their own needs, much less do these things for the young. There is so much yearning mixed into our dreams about education, so much rhetoric, so much self-sustaining and innocent dishonesty, so much ignorance. The neat plans and schemes we have often disguise a confused anguish that we hesitate to speak about openly and publicly. Consequently, what we say about education is too far removed from our real concerns, and it is therefore unclear, unconvincing.

Later that evening, at the conference's penultimate event, I tried to talk about that problem. By then we were in the Tulane auditorium addressing ourselves to the subject of "school and society." The four principal speakers were Friedenberg, Ron Gross, Rossman, and I. Once again the crowd was disappointingly small—perhaps 150 persons.

Friedenberg spoke first, but, because we had arrived late, I missed much of what he said. What I did hear was witty and sometimes brilliant, as always, but also very abstract, distanced, and above the battle. He talked about the sociological *function* of education: how the schools work, and why, and their relation to larger systems of economics and politics. As usual, he was less interested in inciting his audience to action than in insighting them, in getting them to see what was going on beneath the surface. What he tried to point out is that the job of the schools cannot be separated from the general operation of the society, that the functions and effects of schooling in a mass industrialized society are *inevitable*, that without other changes in society schooling will never be much different from what it is now. Friedenberg sometimes seems more interested in clarity and quality of thought than in what one ought to do. He is one of the spokesmen for and believers in "high" culture, in excellence, and sometimes he comes across as elitist. That may have happened in New Orleans, too. I know that he disturbed the New Yorkers and the urbanites: the Coleses, Patenaude, Kozol. As for the rest of the audience, I received no sense that they much cared.

Those who accept the notion of "deschooling" are at significant odds with those who favor free schools.

Then Ron Gross spoke about moving "beyond" schooling, about the need to move outside its limits into forms of self-education and community learning. Rossman spoke about the same thing, insisting that education has little to do these days with school and that we actually learn in other ways: through the community, drugs, political action, etc. He tried to redefine education, to talk about ways in which adults can educate children through the adventurous choices they make in the styles and directions of their own lives. When Michael had finished, I tried to speak about the qualities of passion and tenderness and about how our collective survival depends on our learning to receive one another individually as comrades or friends outside of the state's institutions. What confronts us is the necessary re-creation of reality, what I have elsewhere called the "resignification of Being." It is a task that will take us decades to complete, and so we had better learn to live our lives outside the institutional definitions of reality, to restore deep human connections among us and thereby revive or illumine the world with our *own* perceptions and expressions of it.

I cannot separate the audience's reaction to our four talks. In general, the urban free schoolers seemed aggrieved by what we said. All of us may have appeared to be criticizing them, along with all schooling. At times the New Orleanians were probably mildly edified, but generally they seemed dazed and bored. The only notable remarks in the subsequent discussion were made by Friedenberg, who defended my soft-edged statements about tenderness. He suggested that a culture such as ours, which may indeed have little real tenderness toward children or life in general, is unable to invent any kind of schooling that will not damage the young. He meant to point out, of course, that the problem does not lie in pedagogy itself but more deeply in the heart and the slant of the culture, and that remedies like open classrooms and free schools, though improvements, are by no means sufficient to restore to childhood and adolescence the elements of trust, depth, stability, conviction, grace, etc., that have been bred from them.

In any case, the evening didn't turn out badly. People in the audience gradually began to talk about what was happening in New Orleans, and the conversation among them was specific, heated, useful, and far more intelligent than what we, the experts, had been saying for the past few days. As one of the local people later said: "It took us three days to see that you people didn't know anything more about education than we did, and so we found out that we had to do it all for ourselves." Well, if they really learned that lesson, then perhaps the conference did its work. Three dozen local people ended up sitting and kneeling on the bare floor of the stage, forming a New Orleans coalition, making plans, setting dates, exchanging information, all of it aimed at changing the local public schools. As for us, the experts, we were by then sitting and standing among the seats of the auditorium, still carrying on our own arguments. The turnabout had been complete: They were on the stage, and we were in the seats. It had the neat symmetry of theater—which much, if not all, of the conference had been.

Later that night most of the out-of-town visitors got together at a party. For several heated and then drunken hours we tried to get to the heart of our own personal disagreements. Fatigue reduced us to cautious settlement. We were at least drawn together by our shared opposition to the state's control of schooling. Nevertheless, the peace we made had little to do with the ways we saw the world, which remained radically different. But it did at a minimum restore to us some sense of camaraderie—no small thing in times like these.

The final day continued with more workshops, designed somewhat more specifically for the needs of New Orleanians. I didn't bother to go, so I do not know exactly what happened, but I was told that the workshops were quieter, less heated, and probably more helpful than previous ones had been. As for me, I was by then feeling as I usually do after such conferences, that I wanted nothing more to do with schools of any sort. But Rossman, Kat Marin, and others were more hopeful, as they often are, finding a utility in any situation in which people learn anything at all. That is, I suppose, a more intelligent response than my own, which is to judge all events by how *I* feel when they are over.

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We flounder in the space between the vision of education and the pragmatic reality of the schools.

In summation: What emerged for me was a sense of the distances between various free school groups—in terms of how they define schools, childhood, and aspects of American reality. Some, like Friedenberg, Paul Goodman, Ivan Illich, and myself, are primarily concerned with the hold institutions exercise on consciousness and experience, and with how educators of all sorts, radicals as well as reactionaries, are hemmed in by the limits of discourse they accept without question. We seem unable to discuss learning or survival unless we do it in terms of *schools*—and that indeed diminishes what we can say, imagine, and do.

On the edge of thought we have the notion of "deschooling," which is not so much a mode of activity as a thrust of reasoning and imagination. Those who accept the idea are at significant odds with those who see free schools as the only feasible alternative to state schooling. But even among the free school partisans there are divisions. Some, like Rossman, Denker, and Bhaerman, seem committed to a Summerhillian, counterculture approach. Others, like Kozol and the Coleses, see the Summerhillian method as escapist and pay less attention to emotional and sexual changes than to questions of political potency and efficacy. For them, the struggle of the blacks and the poor is the central, usually the *only*, one. They believe the changes that matter are, as Paulo Freire says, those that enable the disenfranchised to see their own political condition clearly and to assume the power to change their own lives. Though it might seem that those two approaches should coexist and feed each other, they are more often than not set against each other. This raises the question of whether, in fact, there really is a single free school "movement." What might be closer to the truth is that some persons are interested in alternative world views and life-styles, and others are interested in *political* change. Both groups, at the moment, are experimenting with "free" schools as a way of achieving change—but the allegiances on both sides are not really to new kinds of schooling but to *kinds of change.*

Beyond both these camps, of course, are the majority of people who are interested in improving our existing schools. In some ways (as in New Orleans) this group draws ideas and inspiration from the free schools' doers and thinkers, even though these people usually feel that their ideas cannot be effectively transferred into the state's schools.

But even among those concerned with public schools there are important disagreements. Some want to use the schools to liberate the young and to create new styles and values, while others want to "improve" the schools, making them more efficient in terms of accomplishing their traditional functions and aims.

Sooner or later, in any discussion, these differences surface. The result is that there is no semblance of unanimity among those who believe in public schooling and no semblance of it among those who oppose public schooling. Both camps contain radically different views of the function of the state, the nature of learning, definitions of reality, society, the person—and the relations among them. Unfortunately, those views are rarely clarified. Were they expressed carefully and fully, the lines might not be drawn fuzzily, as they are now, between deschooling, free schooling, and public schooling. We might, instead, confront directly such issues as the relation between individual and state; the definitions of cultural and private value; our underlying historical direction; the nature of political reality and religious meaning; the relation of knowledge and experience. But because we are not accustomed to talking in clear detail about those issues, they are reduced (as in New Orleans) to fogged and meaningless arguments about *schooling.*

One sees, finally, that imagination has outstripped reality. Many of those who theorize about schooling have come to the end of the line and now speak only about deschooling. They realize precisely how schooling itself infringes upon both thought and action. But parents, teachers, and students are still stuck in schools 100 years out of date. They are trying to make changes that should have been made decades ago and are now too tardy to be of use. Yet they still must fight to make them, for what else can they do? That was the situation in New Orleans. The local audience had come to learn how to make small, difficult, and necessary changes, while many of the speakers had already discarded those changes as being essentially useless, reactionary, and wasteful. The experts were hoping to move their listeners to a general reconsideration of the whole problem. But the necessary connections between people were made imperfectly, fitfully, and what became increasingly clear was the growing distance between thought about education and the reality of the schools, and how we flounder in the space between them.

I remember what happened just a few weeks ago when I visited the University of New Mexico. There, too, they had collected experts. Robert Coles, the Harvard psychiatrist and writer, spoke brilliantly about how the university controlled reality, how it taught students not to see in their culture other sources of wisdom or strength. Judson Jerome told them to leave school for communes. Herman Sinaiko talked about the ideal university and the erotic element in teaching. Dennis Sullivan, from CIDOC, spoke about deschooling and the university's relation to the roots of corporate power. I spoke about the university and its diminishment of being, its control of consciousness, its monopoly on meaning. We were all very eloquent. But when the students themselves spoke, they could mobilize energy about only one issue: *grades.* They felt that eliminating grades would clear up everything else. So there *we* were: theorizing, exhorting, and, like visionary prophets, trying to move them. And there they were, trapped in the reality of their condition, unable to see beyond grades. So much distance between our concerns and theirs, our words and theirs, our vision and their pragmatic reality! Perhaps in God's eyes they all fit together, but for the moment I have some doubts. What disturbed me in New Mexico was what was disturbing at New Orleans: the increasing inability of all sides in the great debate to find a language, a bridge, to connect their various concerns and see them, together, in the light of what we will go through these next few decades.

Such a language is both necessary and possible, but it is not the language we now use about schools, and it is not to be found in the rhetoric of pedagogy. This lack of a common language, together with our difficulties in putting aside our theories and talking to one another as concerned persons, interfered with our efforts in New Orleans.

One final note. This piece was originally designed to clarify certain differences in thought and approach among people concerned with free schools. For that reason I have stressed the distances between people and their difficulty in finding an adequate and common language. But all of that is natural to the age, and I hope nothing I've said obscures the admiration I feel for the kinds of activity one generally finds in free schools. Beneath all their differences these people at least share a commitment to find alternatives to massive, impersonal institutions and to struggle to make sense of the complex ideas of freedom and community. One should not forget how lovely and crucial that struggle is. □

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WHAT THE COLEMAN REANALYSIS DIDN'T TELL US

BY JAMES W. GUTHRIE

"It is a commonplace in the history of science that the appearance of new information is often followed by an intense struggle to have it accepted." With this neat rhetorical opening to an article in the *Harvard Educational Review* some years ago entitled "Sources of Resistance to the Coleman Report," Daniel P. Moynihan simultaneously poisoned the well for future critics and placed himself on the side of the angels. The implication was that while a critic of the Coleman Report might win an early round or two, in the long run he inevitably must succumb to the steam roller of truth.

This blind acceptance of unproven findings has already taken its toll. To many educational policy makers, the message of the Coleman Report was clear: Schools don't make a difference; family background determines student achievement. To be sure, such a view is a forgivable oversimplification of the massive data contained in the report. But oversimplification is always tempting to policy makers confronted with complicated educational research. And oversimplification can lead to extremely dangerous consequences for the children who are the subject of such research.

Clearly, the Coleman Report needed to be reanalyzed, objectively and comprehensively. Unfortunately, the reanalysis undertaken by Moynihan and his collaborator, statistician Frederick Mosteller, has only served to put another seal of approval on the original findings. Along with sixteen other scholars, the authors participated in a Carnegie Corporation-funded Harvard seminar designed to reanalyze the Coleman Report. The results of this seminar are labeled *On Equality of Educational Opportunity* (Random House, $15; paperback, $3.95).

The authors give the impression that they are firmly at the tiller of their veracity machine. This is not to say that Mosteller and Moynihan do not point out the many frailties and ambiguities of the Coleman findings. In fact, many of the contributors to the Mosteller-Moynihan book take pains to contradict those findings and to document serious flaws in both the research and the conclusions. Yet, Mosteller and Moynihan persist in their view that they have somehow "proven" that Coleman was, in essence, correct.

The major findings of the Coleman Report were as follows:

▲ Within regions, school resources available to blacks and whites did not differ significantly.
▲ In almost every instance, the reading and mathematics performance of black students lagged behind that of their white counterparts.
▲ School resources had very little effect upon achievement that was independent of a student's social background.

The first finding was uncomfortable for many educators and reformers: They had hoped that the Coleman Report would document a high degree of resource discrimination against blacks and other minorities and that such inequities could then be used to explain the lower achievement of these groups. However, in time, even if somewhat grudgingly, the first two findings came to be accepted. Researchers, though perhaps disappointed, never attempted to disprove them.

It was upon the findings concerning school effectiveness, however, that professional disagreement has been intensely and continuously focused. It was this section of the study, moreover, that involved the plowing of considerable new ground. Though the Coleman researchers operated with more skill than many of their predecessors, it was still not clear that they had exercised sufficient care in arriving at their major finding.

The methodological, conceptual, and practical problems that the Coleman researchers encountered in arriving at their "no-school effect" conclusion have been documented many times. The wrong kinds of tests were administered and in the wrong ways. School "effectiveness" was too narrowly defined. The sample was biased and the data unreliable.

Given the nature of these flaws, there exists no legitimate way to reanalyze the data and validate the original findings. The only way in which the original Coleman findings could be proven is by collecting *new* information through a new survey or set of surveys that eliminate the flaws of the first. This the Harvard seminar participants did not do. For the most part, they had to satisfy themselves with running the same "dirty data" through their computers. Even so, some of these "reruns" resulted in findings contrary to the original report. For example, one of the most widely publicized Coleman conclusions was that a student's classmates had an important influence upon his achievement. Yet Marshall Smith in his reanalysis of the Coleman data found only a weak peer group effect.

Moreover, other economists and educators have used either Coleman data with different statistical techniques or different data to demonstrate that schools *can* have a significant impact upon students.

The claim that many Coleman Report findings are reconfirmed is not only disappointing; it is also dangerous. For example, despite the fact that the data suffer from severe limitations and that Coleman Report conclusions do not justify any particular public policy stance, several important Nixon administration decisions have already rested on the report. Added compensatory education funds were opposed by the White House in 1969 and 1970 on the Coleman Report grounds that schools did not make any difference, and what we needed was added research. Perhaps it was relevant that Mr. Moynihan was a presidential adviser at the time. Ironically, today, when Mr. Nixon is reluctant to encourage busing, despite the fact that the Coleman Report showed important peer group effects stemming from racial integration, he advocates compensatory education. The HEW staff report in support of this position expends substantial energy explaining away the Coleman Report findings regarding school ineffectiveness. In fact, neither the Coleman Report itself, nor the Harvard seminar papers should ever be used in the public policy arena, whether it be at the federal, state, or local levels.

In addition to commendable chapters by Marshall Smith and economists Eric A. Hanushek and John I. Kain, *On Equality of Educational Opportunity* contains other carefully written and valuable contributions, e.g., the pieces by James S. Coleman himself and David Cohen, Thomas Pettigrew, and Robert Riley. Nevertheless, the book remains extremely disappointing. It does not live up to its billing as a systematic, comprehensive, collaborative social science effort to grapple with the major Coleman Report criticisms. The Harvard seminar participants did not—in a sense *could* not—meet all of the major criticisms of the Coleman Report. Thus, to imply, as does the jacket, that ". . . the Harvard seminar put an academic seal of approval on its [the Coleman Report's] most important findings," is nothing but high sophistry. □

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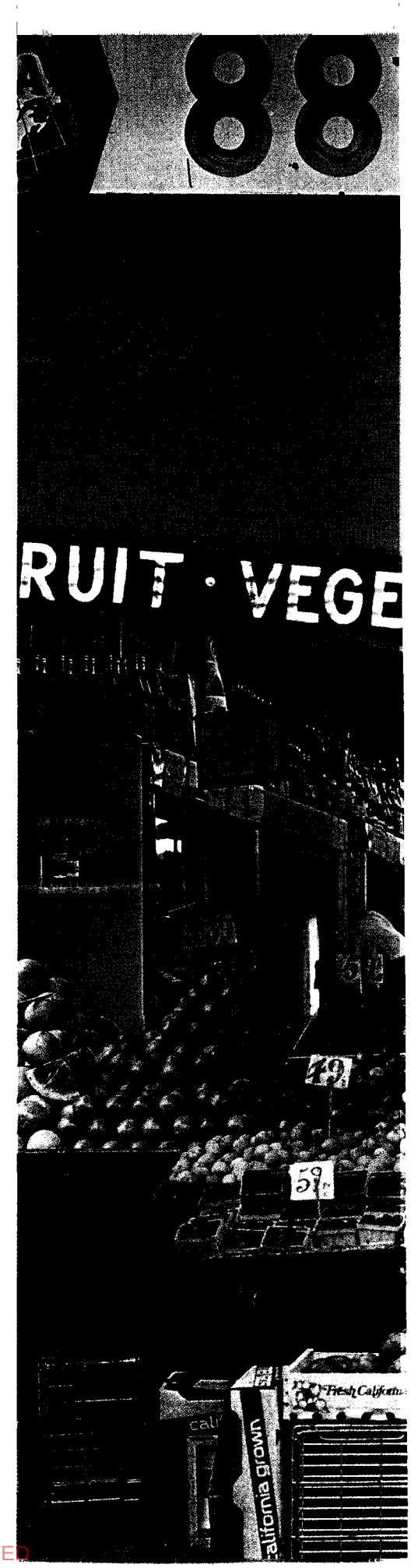
WHEN BLUE-COLLAR STUDENTS GO TO COLLEGE



The students at LIU accepted the blue-collar compromise. They might dream of Fitzgerald diving into the fountain in front of the Plaza with his clothes on, but they belonged to Astoria and to the school on Flatbush Avenue.

BY LEONARD KRIEGEL

A decade ago, when blue-collar students attended the Brooklyn campus of Long Island University, they believed that it was an academic dumping ground—and that they deserved no better. Today, open admissions is offering such students entry to more selective colleges, but the problems of student self-image and institutional policy remain very much the same.

Inevitably one begins with the setting. It was peculiarly urban, much smaller and much poorer than New York University, from which I had just emerged with a Ph.D. in American civilization, and it was completely absorbed by downtown Brooklyn. The Brooklyn Center of Long Island University was not the first college at which I had taught; it would not be the last. But teaching was the single center of my LIU experience. While working for my Ph.D., I had taught freshman English to students at NYU, but focus there had never really been on the classroom. In the late Fifties a graduate student thought of himself as an apprentice scholar, and he quickly learned where to put his primary energies if he wished to survive in the academic world. At NYU I did not really think about teaching; I just did it.

The physical plant of Long Island University was situated on a postage-stamp-sized modernistic "campus," dominated by a conventionally ugly dormitory building that looked like a squared-off beehive. It was a building that spoke of a desire to embalm time itself, a fitting backdrop for the harsh lights and dead ends of downtown Brooklyn. And it was Brooklyn that framed students and faculty alike.

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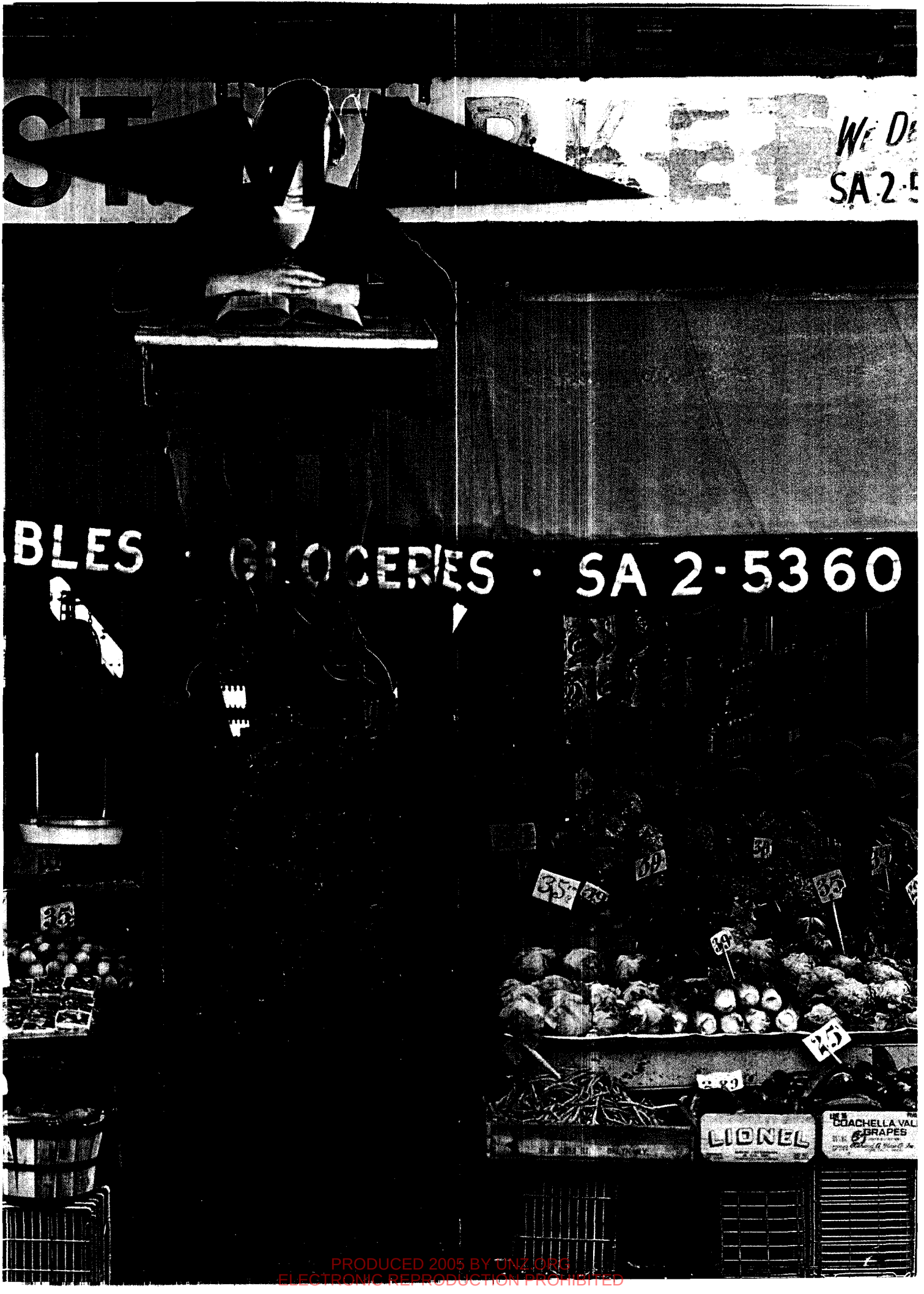

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The students were there for the claiming, for no one had ever told them how interesting they were.

What was it about that area in Brooklyn that suggested a man struck down while holding a winning lottery ticket in his hand? What surrealist's feat of the imagination had set a school called Long Island University down among all these old factories and gas stations?

A patch of concrete called a campus, a dormitory building, plans for a library never completed, gates donated by an alumni association not yet successful enough to warrant attention from the world. The eyes of LIU's trustees turned elsewhere—to LIU's C. W. Post College in suburban Long Island. Whatever the urban stepchild was given, the trustees gave with reluctant charity, the pitch of pennies against concrete. And so the proposed library building turned into a shoddy, meretricious classroom building. "Never mind," a colleague said to me. "What do these kids want with a library?" A school's constituency was not necessarily its students.

The faculty was "different" from any other faculty I have ever known. What the students really needed, it occurs to me now, was a faculty eager to embrace the very lack of academic respectability LIU offered. Instead, their faculty was in large part comprised of teachers who were still bitter about not having been granted tenure at Brooklyn College or at City College, or else people who had been working for their doctorates for so long that their energy had dissipated and they now merely plodded through the tasks before them. They were teachers who, in one way or another, were reputed to be inadequate. The finest teacher I knew in the English department was simply incapable of accepting how good he was. Like the rest of the faculty, he seemed to have been punished in some narrowly fundamental way. Unlike him, however, most of the teachers at LIU chose to get even by using what talent they possessed to try to make LIU a "better" institution, when what they should have been doing was to use what the school provided them in the way of students. When conversation in the faculty dining room was not about salaries or about the chances of acquiring medical benefits, it was about "standards."

Most of the faculty members to whom I talked looked forward to the out-of-town students who, it was rumored, would apply to LIU in greater numbers once accreditation had been reaffirmed by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The few out-of-town students we had were looked upon as a dispensation from above, a promise of better things to come in the future. Had I told my colleagues that they already possessed the students they needed, I suspect they would have been puzzled. I suppose it wasn't a particularly novel attitude, and it probably was not the fault of the faculty or even of the administration. Like the students, they thought of the college as a dumping ground. It would take more than approval by the representatives of the Middle States Association to convince them of their respectability.

LIU ground its faculty down, just as it ground its students down. It ignored the potential of both. It insisted on dedication and commitment, and then it pulled the rug out from under those who were dedicated and committed. It pretended to be part of urban America, while its trustees plotted expansion into the suburbs. The school—faculty and students and administration alike—seemed oblivious of its own assets, intent on ignoring the legitimate appeal it could have made. It was a college that was for the most part populated by those who had not made it elsewhere, the educational "failures" of New York's working and lower-middle classes. It was ashamed of its constituency. Its secret desire seemed to be to make gentlemen of us all, students and faculty. The price it demanded was acceptance of the school's incongruities.

I remember the street lights dissecting the water-slick creosote of Flatbush Avenue Extension and turning the neighborhood into a surrealist fantasy. I always think of the neighborhood in the rain, the school itself embedded in neon urbanism, garish, the marquee of the Brooklyn Paramount Theater still blinking its message into the wet Brooklyn air, rivaled only by the huge neon sign that topped the dome of the Brooklyn Dime Savings Bank across the street. All of the classrooms were located in the Paramount building. A few months after I started there, the Brooklyn Paramount forever closed its doors, to be converted into an LIU auditorium.

Did the students, I ask myself, take as much pleasure in that naked urbanism as I did? All those signs—"Be Sure It's Hebrew National," "Texaco," "Barton's," "Howard Clothes"—leaping out to capture the eye. Flatbush Avenue was filled with smells. I remember the sour smell of the streets and all the open-windowed stores that sold knishes and pizza and franks across the counter, spice to the expectation of the pickles one ate in the restaurant across the street. In such an atmosphere were the students to be trained to an ersatz propriety. They would yet be taught to ignore all their senses; they would learn to transform themselves, to make themselves conscious of "new opportunities." In the words of the chairman of LIU's board of trustees, they constituted "an urban student body drawn from middle- and lower-income families." And they were expected, by the faculty, by the administration, by one another, to accept instruction in order to change their inner beings. What money there was could be fed into the suburban campus of C. W. Post. The Brooklyn student would be offered style.

There is little I can say that would romanticize those students. And yet, not even in ten years of subsequent teaching at the City College of New York or two years spent as a Fulbright lecturer in the Netherlands was I ever to be made more aware of the unique qualities that students bring into a classroom. For at LIU students were central. They simply fell into one's life. They were there for the claiming, for no one had ever told them how interesting they were, no one had ever treated them as anything other than marionettes to be jerked and hustled for budgets and regents examinations. Unfashionable children of "middle- and lower-income families": blue-collar Jews who had not been suckled on high I. Q. mammaries; Italians who had long since been convinced that their alternatives were simple as well as inevitable—either drift with the neighborhood gangs or edge your way to respectability with the civil service; Brooklyn Swedes and Irish-Catholic nursing students and Greeks from neighborhoods in New York I did not

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know and even those few bewildered out-of-towners—all of them conned into the acceptance of failure. They were convinced of this. They were there for the claiming; and after the first week, when I came to know a few of them, I was amazed that so few of my colleagues felt that they were worth claiming. For these students made teaching an act of dedication, a totality that one practiced for its own sake.

More, perhaps, than any other students I have since known, the students at LIU suffered from the American instinct of competitiveness, the desire to prove the self worthy of the nation's idea of what that self should be. Inevitably, they were doomed to failure; at least the vast majority of them were. Like most blue-collar children, they had lived within the confines of an educational system without ever having questioned that system. They were used to being stamped and categorized. Rating systems, grades, obligations to improve, these had beset them all their lives. They had been told that the territory they occupied was narrow. And they believed it.

The best of them were misfits. The Brooklyn Jew who had dropped out of a prestigious upstate liberal arts college because, although he had come through his freshman term with a straight-A average, he had not touched his saxophone. "It was too much. I wanted to play jazz. And there was no time. They had me so that I was going like a machine and thinking that it was human." The Greek who had packed in Antioch at the end of his second year because he was determined to be a New Yorker. "I want to see where F. Scott Fitzgerald made it," he said to me, and I could not even laugh as I looked beyond to the cancerous collapse of downtown Brooklyn. And the son of the Queens butcher, who insisted that I read his girl friend's poetry, which, he assured me, was going to "flatten the literary world on its ass." They had few expectations from the world-at-large. When they were depressed, they had no real idea of what was getting them down, and they would have dismissed as absurd the idea that they could make demands. They accepted the myths of America as those myths had been presented to them. Like so many blue-collar children with whom I had grown up in the Forties, they had been convinced that their fathers lived off the fat of the land, when in reality their fathers drove laundry trucks or sliced meat in supermarkets or waited on tables in restaurants that were no more "respectable" than they themselves were. Their own lives had given them few images on which to focus, and so the brightest among them sought salvation from progressive jazz, that purest product of Black America, or from Fitzgerald, that most rugged of American individualists, or even from T. S. Eliot, who would have viewed the ground on which they stood with a patrician mixture of bewilderment and contempt.

They were different from one another, although they found a certain solidity in creating a community of those who would occupy life's middle ground. If they were not destined to shrivel up and die, they were also not destined to bring glory to this America. When I think of them, I usually find myself thinking first of George. Not that he was any more representative than the others. It was simply that he embodied for me so many of the students I came to like at LIU, the students who filled me with anger and pride. Blue-collar, intelligent, sensitive, distant, playing tough, afflicted with that great American disease, the fearful conviction that they could not measure up. Not really. And white. I did not see them as white then, but I remember them as white today.

George was frugal when he spent his energies. He was convinced that something was lacking in *him*, not the country. He lived in Astoria in Queens, and he had raised himself ever since the age of thirteen. An excellent student of literature, he inevitably retreated before praise. His instinct was to protect himself, to risk as little as possible. Life had taught him caution: to settle for less rather than to bid for more. He was at LIU because he had mistakenly assumed that his high school average was not high enough for him to "make Queens." LIU was his substitute for the municipal educational system in New York.

George could not trust the legitimacy of his own imagination because no one had ever told him that his title was as good as that of the next man. When I tried to tell him, he did not believe me. I don't even think he could bring himself to really consider the options I felt were available to him: doctor, lawyer, writer, teacher. I suspect that I was not only determined to reclaim George, but that I somehow wanted to fashion him after my own image. Maybe what I was trying to do was to lift the common heritage off both our shoulders.

Because he was suspicious of most other things, George was suspicious of the American Establishment, or at least of its power. But he lacked all sense of what today is called "ethnicity." In 1960 the ethnic was still unfashionable. The country was still a "melting pot," and George was willing to be melted. Had anyone suggested that he was the heir of Dante and Pico della Mirandola, George would have laughed. And with good reason. He accepted the existence of the small-time Astoria *mafioso* as he accepted the existence of General Motors, with neither admiration nor scorn. A living was a living. "My old man thought it was a big thing to be an Italian," he once told me. "He used to call himself an Italian-American. Jesus, you know when he got to Italy? During the war. He saw Anzio. Then he got wounded. Lost a finger. The dumb bastard, he used to tell me that his finger was part of the Italian landscape. His Italian finger, he called it."

Having been born into the blue-collar world, George had a built-in hostility toward those who had made a great deal of money. "They're crooks," he would insist. But he had no sense of being working class. Whenever I tried to talk to him about the importance of class differences in literature, he would dismiss what I had to say with a wave of the hand. Literature, like life, was interesting to him only in so far as it was immediate.

One day he entered my office cubicle to introduce me to his girl. "I want you to meet Marge," he said, pulling after him a pretty, dark-haired girl with an Irish name. The professor thought he was intelligent; therefore, he was going to show the professor exactly how smart he really was. George made his point. He was going to marry Marge and get a job teaching in junior high school. Or maybe a high school. He was not going on to graduate school, he was not going to be a college

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teacher—that took too long. And he was not going to try to be a writer. A writer was a social bandit, and, despite his love of books and good writing, George had taken from Astoria, along with an expectation of failure, a desire for respectability. That, too, seems to me characteristic of the students at LIU. Were George ever to visit Paris, it would be as a tourist, with the pretty, dark-haired Irish girl at his side.

Not many teachers filled with missionary zeal were attracted to LIU. Those few who were, arrived there by accident and got out as soon as they could. The students like George, who cluttered the concrete patches of the Brooklyn campus, were not students who inspired dreams of a vital university life. They were hemmed in by the very mundane truths that so many of their teachers, myself included, were seeking to escape. Fitzgerald had long since rubbed the daughters of the American rich in the sweet mystery of distance, while the children of black steelworkers in Birmingham would soon be bathed in the pungent waters of revolutionary rhetoric. Lady Bountiful and Bottom Dog—a strange but essentially American combination. Meanwhile, George and his friends gravitated toward schools such as LIU, working for the certification of a degree so that they could teach in junior high school or high school. It was a blue-collar compromise. George might dream of Fitzgerald's diving into the fountain in front of the Plaza with his clothes on, but he belonged to Astoria and to the school on Flatbush Avenue. And both he and I knew this.

Teaching at LIU sometimes gave me the feeling that I was the first man in the world to try his hand at this kind of class. Of course, I knew that my experience here was being repeated at a thousand other schools throughout the nation. But these classes were outrageous, even in what was good about them; they were filled with sudden illuminations that had nothing to do with what I had thought constituted teaching. They were certainly different from the classes I had taught while a graduate student at NYU. At NYU's School of Commerce I had discovered an excessive respect for the products of mind, at Washington Square College, a belief in the necessity of the student's accommodating himself to whatever was available. But teaching at LIU was an almost prophetic experience. A good class, the kind of response I sought from these young men and women, and I would drive home to Manhattan in a state of quiet euphoria. Never had teaching drained me as it did at LIU; never, perhaps, was it to reward me quite this much either. Anything a class of mine accomplished was, in some fundamental way, a personal triumph.

But the school itself seemed oblivious of the students. Neither rebel nor conformist, it dreamed of being both. It pressured and harassed the students; intent on making them proper Americans, it denied their right to define the world for themselves. In this, I suppose, it was simply part of the larger society. So many forces existed to tell these students what they did and did not know. Programed to accept their difficulties, conditioned to think of themselves as unintellectual, incapable, they had little to fall back on. Even the city was being taken away from them. They, too, hungered after the suburbs. They lacked a belief in the reality of their bodies or the reality of nature or sports or some aspect of living that might have indicated viable possibilities for them. They were incapable of viewing themselves as exotics or primitives. And they descended on LIU, and on the thousand and one similar institutions that dot the educational landscape, on guard against what might await them.

In the classroom, however, one could ignore the school. Never mind the students' own conviction that they were uneducable. The sophomores with whom I discussed Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* told me the opposite. I could only illustrate for them how to read. And then I could watch ideas begin to penetrate. Gradually, reading ceased to be a chore and was transformed into an act of independence. Where they had been most aware of their own inarticulateness, they soon began to discover the power of language. At first, thinking about literature was important only because it was thinking. Soon it became thinking about the particular book or play or poem. They did not have to justify what they were doing. Just to do it well afforded them pleasure. To be interested in doing it again afforded happiness. How easy they made it to commit oneself to them.

The class I remember best was filled with would-be nurses, brought to the Brooklyn Center by a joint program with a Brooklyn hospital intended to combine a B.S. with training in nursing. And yet, I really enjoyed these students. The idea was not so much to teach them as to chip away at their pasts so that they might come to terms with the demands of a college education. The great majority of them were graduates of one or another Catholic high school for girls. They were terribly frightened of books, but they were also filled with what I can only remember as an excessive respect for the demands of the mind. They made the world of art and ideas so unreal that it emerged as a form of totemism, both "dirty" and "liberating." I cannot conceive of students who uttered the word "professor" in quite the same way as these students did, with an angular breathlessness that made me suspect it was a momentary substitute for "father." "Father, I have sinned. . . ." They read *Hamlet* with that kind of parochial-school mentality that sees sin as inevitable, punishment as deserved. The process used to arrive at that homily proved intriguing, both for them and for me. If they did not bring to their reading critical penetration, they brought to it an identifiable sense of what was and was not right. "Sin or not," said one little girl with a drawn, pinched face, "I think he should have stabbed him while he prayed." Perhaps it was too narrow a view of Hamlet, but it said a great deal about her, about the way in which the educational chipping might work in her life. Just to have moved, in the space of one short term, from thinking of reading as almost sacrilegious was a marked advance in her battle to claim a personality. Once shown the world as something offered rather than as something intended to put her in her place, she grew excited.

At the term's end a number of the girls approached my desk, hesitantly, as they always did when they wanted to ask for something. One of them, whom I remember as blushing a great deal in class, came forward to act as

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Blue-collar students see open admissions as a free ride for minorities to which they have been reluctantly invited.

spokesman while the rest stood off to the side. "We just want to tell you how much we appreciate your having worked with us." I hadn't done anything special, I insisted. I had done nothing that I did not do in my other classes. "That's just it," she continued. "That's why we want to thank you. Because you didn't do anything different." The legacy of what they had been taught about reality. There it stood.

I left Long Island University the following September. Had I stuck it out for more than that year, I suspect that leaving would have been even more difficult than it was. As an institution, LIU had seemed to be floundering from the moment I came there, for it was a university at which no discernible purpose had yet emerged other than the need to survive. Teaching those classes in the Brooklyn Paramount building had been extremely rewarding; being there had been extremely disheartening. I had few illusions about what I was doing. I was getting out while the getting was good.

It was, however, a decision that left me with a far greater sense of loss than I expected. I had grown to like my students very much that year, and yet I sensed that the kind of commitment they needed would ultimately have drained the joy from teaching. While I had met a number of dedicated teachers in the year I spent at LIU, those who had been at the school for more than six or seven years seemed burned out, as if the need to do the job, to maneuver the contradictions between this dying Brooklyn and these categorized students had left them hollow. There were too many conversations with full professors whose sense of purpose had been stripped away. In spite of the students, I could not justify remaining there.

And yet, the students remained. They had worked hard, and they seemed to enjoy their work. Teaching at a school as drab and parochial as LIU is not supposed to be particularly rewarding, and it certainly does not give one status in the profession. Even today, when attention is beginning to be paid, however grudgingly, to the children of blue-collar whites, teaching such students is usually looked upon as a form of busy work. For these are the sons and daughters of those who have provided the bastion for middle-class paranoia, this blue-collar *them*. But I loved teaching those students. They brought home everything I believed about the need for literacy, the benefits of education. They had less money and probably less independence than the students I had taught at NYU; they certainly lacked the intellectual drive and talent that I was to find among my students at the City College of New York; and they did not even seem to occupy the same planet as did the undergraduates I had observed at Columbia in the mid-Fifties.

But they possessed, as a group, a remarkable honesty, and they asked little of their teachers other than a pledge of faith and a certain amount of patience. No one, to my knowledge, has ever suggested that they were one of the redemptive aspects of American higher education. But they were. They were better people than anyone had given them reason to believe. Blue-collar children thrust into the world of higher education—they deserved better from it than what they received. They deserved better from their teachers and from a society that, despite its rhetoric, regarded them as men and women of little worth and left so many of them imprisoned in a sense of worthlessness.

The students I taught at LIU, students like George, are the older brothers and sisters of the blue-collar whites now attending New York City's tuition-free municipal colleges under the aegis of the Open Admissions Program. In years gone by these were the students who would have attended Long Island University, or, if they were Catholic, St. Francis's or St. John's, or, if their fathers had been somewhat more successful than most, New York University. But now that tuition at the private colleges has skyrocketed so high and now that "standards" at the municipal colleges have been lowered, such students are turning to the "free" municipal college system. They resemble the students I taught at LIU in their overall lack of faith in their individual worth, as well as their hesitancy at grasping the assimilative sponginess so characteristic of modern man in his cities. Even our rhetoric is willing to bypass them, leaving them victims of an educational system that has long since been geared to "Success." There are differences at the municipal colleges but they are not great, and no amount of rhetoric about democratic education is going to change that. The blue-collar student is still taught to distrust both his instincts and his talents, to view with suspicion whatever claims can be made in his name, to believe that he is, in the long run, not really worth the trouble of a college education. As far as he is concerned, open admissions is a "free ride" for blacks and Puerto Ricans to which he has been reluctantly invited.

It would be unjust to blame colleges such as LIU, or even the municipal colleges, for the blue-collar student's lack of confidence. Such students arrive at college already prisoners of the American fascination with "Success." Anyone who has grown up in a white working-class environment knows enough not to glamorize it. To educators, George and his peers posed few recognizable problems. His world was taken for granted, as much by George as by his teachers. It still is.

But there are signs—and they are only signs—that the blue-collar student wants to break out of that benign indifference in which he has been held by the educators. He has just begun to recognize that he is rootless, if not homeless. In some of the students, one finds a quest for "ethnicity" marked by a desire to return to what never truly existed; in others, a desperate struggle to find a cause of one's own; in still others, an inarticulate, private rage at the world of higher education that refuses to consider him and his problems. "Somebody's going to have to tell these kids that they're alive," said a friend recently as she told me about the problems she was facing in one of her freshman classes. And somebody has to before it is too late. For there remains a substantial difference between these students and the students I taught more than ten years ago at Long Island University: The times have changed. Models of militancy have been set before them, as have models of hysteria. Maybe even more than telling them that they are alive, somebody is going to have to begin to listen to them. It might, however, be a good idea if educators started by simply looking at them. □

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Broadway, Hollywood, and the Years That Were

BY ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN: An Intimate Portrait
by Howard Teichmann
Atheneum, 371 pp., $10

PEOPLE IN A DIARY: A Memoir
by S. N. Behrman
Little, Brown, 338 pp., $10

At first meeting, books about recently famous people of the theater and of the literary life are always enticing; they arrive like generous invitations, for us to accept and act upon at and for our pleasure. But such books are also risky—invitations being only initially disarming—and our expectations of them tend, in fact, to be far more complex than we like to think and in many ways contradictory. If the books are of serious and warm intent (as these two are) and about people of real achievement and distinction (as these are), our expectations are accordingly quite grand; that is, we anticipate being entertained—unflaggingly always—at a certain level of gracefulness and candor and lucidity that does sophisticated credit to all concerned, not least to ourselves.

Or so one thinks. But readers are a demanding lot, even in summer, and compliments mutually conferred do not suffice for long. What we really want to share and experience in books such as these is more than admiration and affability, more than famous names and fleeting anecdotes, more even than cutting wit and whiffs of scandal to delight and move us.

What we want—and it is most difficult to attain—is the sense of shared re-creation of these people in their time and place (not far removed from our own), to see them whole and close, so that by some alchemy of imparted and stimulated memory and empathy and art we become, while reading, our own projections of them and their world. That's the optimum and also pretty high-toned stuff (George S. Kaufman would have deflated it in a minute), but it indicates the extent of our perhaps unfair, perhaps excessive expectations and is therefore a reason why these two good and interesting and often entertaining books finally disappoint. We do not get with them to where and what we want to be; the invitations are not quite fulfilled. For the most part, which is far too much, we are on the outside looking in, stuck in the role of being simply, and all too consciously, readers.

Were expectations and promises the same, then the books could be dismissed as cheats. But, in fact, *caveat emptor*, their promises are explicitly modest. Howard Teichmann, who collaborated with George S. Kaufman on *The Solid Gold Cadillac* (1953) and knew him until Kaufman's death at the age of seventy-one in 1961, terms his biography "an intimate portrait"—"intimate" serving not only as a come-on but also as a warning of sorts: not expansive, not all-inclusive, more personal than attempting to be definitive. (The warning is well taken but nonetheless a little odd in view of the biography's underpinnings—a decade of research, some 300 tape-recorded interviews.) Similarly, S. N. Behrman has subtitled his selective distillation of the sixty-volume diary he began in 1915 "a memoir"—a category he goes on to define as "relaxed and easygoing, vagarious and permissive."

Both books recall, though do not recreate or exactly "revive" (Behrman's word), the Broadway and New York of the Twenties and Thirties; both touch on Hollywood, and between them they offer glimpses of literally hundreds of famous theatrical and literary personages. For all this—and despite a pervasive sense that everyone who was anyone knew everyone else who was anyone—there is surprisingly little overlap. The aggressive and abrasive producer, Jed Harris, figures importantly in both books (though to somewhat clearer effect in Behrman's), as do the much-loved brothers Gershwin; and each includes, in verifying versions, Kaufman's famous crack upon encountering Behrman still in Hollywood a week after a farewell bash for Behrman: "Ah," said Kaufman, "forgotten but not gone." Yet the books do not inform each other. They share a surface background (both Kaufman and Behrman hit the Big Time from the provinces), a common interest in the profession and people of the theater, an anecdotal method of presentation, coincidental timing of publication (why reviewers lump them together), but not much else. In the end, of course, they are separate books.

Scene: The Kaufman home in Pittsburgh. Mother to young George: "Aunt Margaretta is coming to visit later. It wouldn't hurt us to be nice, would it?" Young George to Mother: "That depends on your threshold of pain."

So goes the earliest recorded wisecrack of the man whose satires—*Of Thee I Sing, You Can't Take It With You, The Man Who Came to Dinner*—didn't close on Saturday night. Teichmann describes Kaufman as "the Great Professional of the Golden Age of the American Theater," and the prodigious record—forty-five Broadway productions (many of which Kaufman also directed) in thirty-seven years—bears out the claim. With few exceptions the plays were collaborative efforts (Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, and Moss Hart were his most frequent partners); nearly two-thirds of them were hits, and two won the Pulitzer. At the peak of his powers, Teichmann tells us, Kaufman could work on four plays at once. He was a compulsive writer and a ruthless editor: If a line worked, it stayed; if it didn't, out it went. With Kaufman it was always the lines that counted, and no actor could alter them with impunity. As a director, Kaufman would often check out his actors' con-

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tinuing fidelity to the play; once, during the run of *Of Thee I Sing*, he fired off a telegram to the leading man: "I AM WATCHING YOUR PERFORMANCE FROM THE REAR OF THE HOUSE. WISH YOU WERE HERE."

Kaufman came to Broadway via Washington and to the theater via newspapers. His first writings were contributions to Franklin P. Adams's "Always in Good Humor" column (later, "The Conning Tower"), and it was Adams who arranged for Kaufman to be his successor on Frank Munsey's Washington newspaper, the *Times*. The Kaufman bite already carried sting. Of the President he wrote, "Mr. Wilson's mind, as has been the custom, will be closed all day Sunday." And of the mighty: "Has anybody ever called it the Slandered Oil Company? Because it isn't."

But it was a brief stint—Munsey didn't like Jews—and Kaufman moved to New York and to jobs on the *Evening Mail* and the old *Tribune* before being hired by the *New York Times* to be its drama editor. The year was 1917, the pay was $36 a week (a sum Kaufman added to considerably with poker winnings), and it was the big break. Kaufman stayed at the *Times* for thirteen years, becoming notorious for his loping gait at deadline, a nose for theater news, his efficiency in warding off press agents (Agent: "How do I get our leading lady's name into your newspaper?" Kaufman: "Shoot her"), and a lethal gift in play reviewmanship. As a critic, he was frequently "underwhelmed" by Broadway's offerings. In one review he noted that he had seen the play "at a disadvantage. The curtain was up." In another review Kaufman began caustically enough: "There was laughter in the back of the theater, leading to the belief that someone was telling jokes back there."

Teichmann's affectionate portrait abounds with Kaufman one-liners, and many of them are simply irresistible. His epitaph for a waiter was, "God caught his eye." When Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pushed Kaufman to hurry up on the script of *A Night at the Opera*, Kaufman responded, "Do you want it Wednesday or good?" A con man who was trying to get Kaufman to invest in a gold mine said, "You don't even have to dig for the gold. It's just lying around." Kaufman looked him up and down and then replied indignantly: "Do you mean I'd have to stoop over and pick it up?" On tryouts, Kaufman observed that "in Boston, the test of a play is simple. If the play is bad, the pigeons snarl at you as you walk across the Common." And—a favorite—he once suggested to Irving Berlin that the song "Always" would not be a hit unless the opening line were made a little more realistic—something like "I'll be loving you Thursday."

One reels these off because they are delights; also, alas, because—like the jokes in the back of the theater—they prove to be the most memorable substance of this biography. As for the man Kaufman, he is presented—only presented, not resolved—in the form of sets of contradictions. There is Kaufman the generous and Kaufman the greedy curmudgeon; Kaufman the gawky and shy and Kaufman the gregarious (It was Kaufman, we learn, who had the famous Round Table, of which he was a member, moved to a more conspicuous place in the Algonquin). Kaufman was a prude, a hypochondriac of the first order, and he hated to be touched. Yet his whoring was legendary, and for years he maintained a charge account at Polly Adler's. The scandal of his torrid affair with Mary Astor, whose husband found every energetic detail of it admiringly recorded in her diary, was one of the news sensations of 1934, and Teichmann devotes a full chapter to it.

The book is touching in spots, especially on Kaufman's remarkable and loyal first wife, Bea, and the sad last years before his death. But it is also oddly disjointed, stuffed with anecdotes that lead nowhere, letters that don't matter, accolades that numb, and endless names. It seems a put-together book; the affection with which it is obviously written serves as glue, but it also keeps insight and critical analysis (which, surely, Kaufman the Pro deserves) at arm's length.

In *People in a Diary*, S. N. Behrman deliberately eschews any autobiographical intent. "An odd quirk of destiny has put a great many people in my way," he writes. "I want, in this book, to return to them." He notes the eerie effect of rereading what he wrote in his diary about friends and colleagues:

> Characters keep appearing whose very existence I had forgotten, and yet they keep reappearing, vivid ghosts, taut in their momentary preoccupations, clamped, as I myself was, in the imperatives of NOW. Reading through these pages, I can foresee their destinies; their futures are laid out, all the criss-crossed lines where my life intersected theirs. It is somewhat terrible to become possessed, suddenly, of all that foresight, a pointillism of time. They seem blindfolded, as I myself was.

It is a lovely beginning, both graceful and honest, and it leads to many exquisite miniature portraits. Here is the statuesque Alma Mahler Werfel showing off her favorite memento—"Marie Bring in Beethoven's hair"—and, looking straight at Werfel, rating her successive husbands like so many prize bulls: "The most interesting personality I have known—*was Mahler!*" And there is Somerset Maugham: "The expression on his face was hard to define, elusive in spite of the clarity. It conveyed a kind of punitive resignation, as if he expected very little from life, but that he meant to make up for that little by distributing petty revenges." And over there, on Boston Common, are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne going over the lines of a play and being berated, not by snarling pigeons, but by a drunk to whom they sound like Communists.

And elsewhere, in a dozen different places we are wafted to, we see Edna St. Vincent Millay, Laurence Olivier, Arnold Bennett ("a fatigue in his eyes"), a joyful George Gershwin ("streamlined," in Osbert Sitwell's phrase, and, in Behrman's, "just plain

George S. Kaufman—"a compulsive writer and a ruthless editor."

S. N. Behrman—"a wonderful man, civilized and civilizing."

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dazzled by the spectacle of his own career") and his gentle brother Ira, Felix Frankfurter, the people of the Theatre Guild, Enid Bagnold, Katherine Cornell, Ina Claire, a shy and isolated Jean Giraudoux, a bubbly Noel Coward, Greta Garbo, John Maynard Keynes (who first saw his wife sitting on Heywood Broun's lap: "I did not feel this was her proper destiny and I diverted her") and Mrs. Keynes (who told Behrman she couldn't read her husband's books: "*Slumps* and *Booms* that's all it is—*slumps* and *booms*!"), Bernard Berenson (pushing ninety, gaily announcing, "I am an extinct volcano!" but referring to his expertise in art as "my disreputable profession" and wishing he had instead a gift for excellence in writing), the sad and vulnerable poet, Siegfried Sassoon. . . .

An incredible richness, one might say, and in part it is. The chapters on Berenson, Maugham, the Gershwins are perfect small portraits, and throughout there are a hundred tiny, swift, almost offhand observations, recordings of facial expression or something said, that thrust these people into sharp and shimmering focus and momentarily make the whole book come alive and glow. But there are also long stretches of dimness, where the reader feels he has been given the wrong end of the telescope to look through. We see the suffering Sassoon often in this book but always at a great distance; his suffering is not doubted, but neither is it understood, and it and he grow tiresome. Behrman himself we see hardly at all.

As noted, Behrman's absence is deliberate. "By this time," he writes, "—seventy-five plus—I have had just about all I can take of myself." But his presence is nonetheless very keenly missed. It is not so much a matter of the facts of his life and career (growing up in a Worcester, Massachusetts, ghetto, playwrighting at Harvard under George Pierce Baker, writing for *The New Republic, Smart Set, The New Yorker*, author of twenty plays and five previous books, etc.) or of his personality—these can be discerned in the book—but a matter of his *presence*. For what we want to experience is not simply vignettes of these people in his diary, but their relationship to him, and his to them—and thereby our relationship to both. We are with, in this book, a nearly invisible guide, and it is disconcerting. Only at the end, when he talks about feeling old and bequeaths an unfinished play to any young playwright who will take it over, does Behrman begin to come into focus himself. He seems a wonderful man, civilized and civilizing, which is, of course, why one is so conscious of missing him. We do not regret the absence of clods.

Behrman and Kaufman. Two great names of the theater. Two nice books. Half a loaf is better than none. Would that expectations did not rise so high.

ENEMIES, A LOVE STORY
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 280 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Geoffrey Wolff

Isaac Bashevis Singer manages to make do with a short list of questions that he relentlessly poses to his wide world of fictional people: Is there a God? Does He rule, or has He abdicated? Is He malign? In the absence of God, what principle moves us? To what end? A few questions, so fundamental that they intimidate most writers, and with good reason: No matter is more likely to disappear in a heat-mist of misbegotten metaphysics than the Big Question—yawn—of what it all means.

Singer, by ruthlessly suppressing rhetorical ornaments, by holding to the principle that a fictional character's given boundaries cannot be violated, brings off grand fables. His two previous novels, *The Manor* and *The Estate*, were family and national epics, panoramas of Jewish life in nineteenth-century Poland. His new novel extends Singer's range by limiting his means. It is spare, barren, and strait.

Enemies, A Love Story is set in New York after World War II. Herman Broder is a Polish Jew who escaped during the holocaust by hiding in a haystack. He believes that his wife, Tamara, was killed by the Nazis, together with his children. He marries Yadwiga, the gentile peasant who brought him food and carried away his detritus while he hid. He has a mistress, Masha, a woman of hatreds and rages who survived the concentration camps and who wants Herman to leave his simple-minded wife and then marry her. In a plot made for farce, Herman suddenly finds himself with three wives when his first wife miraculously returns from the dead and he marries his mistress.

No book could be darker. Singer's New York—a gray winter place of subways and cafeterias and tenements, Coney Island shrouded by dirty snow, Brooklyn, the Bronx—is cruel and unforgiving. Singer's landscapes are precise pen-and-inks, thin-lined, drawn with a tired hand moved by a bitter intelligence. As in the work of Bernard Malamud, the city is a stage set, as sparsely populated as the geography of nightmares.

The scene suits Herman. He is a man stillborn without love or hope. Masha calls him a "mechanical man" and accuses him of "still hiding in his hayloft." He cannot act, cannot decide. His face is sallow and his cheeks caved in. He resembles a survivor from one of the notorious photographs taken at the liberation of the concentration camps. Yet Singer's subtle and inventive speculation is that Herman's spiritual death was ratified rather than caused by the Nazis: "In Herman there resided a sorrow that could not be assuaged. He was not a victim of Hitler. He had been a victim long before Hitler's day." Herman pities animals, but he cannot

Geoffrey Wolff is the author of a novel, *Bad Debts*.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ANAGRAMMATICAL #6

In Column 1, the scrambled titles of twelve poems; in Column 2, twelve equally confused poets. Margaret O. Slicer of Needham, Massachusetts, suggests that you straighten everything out (disregarding punctuation) and assign each poem to its author. It all falls into place on page 59.

1. *HELL BETS* ( )
2. *SALAD O'TRIPES* ( )
3. *VENIAL GENE* ( )
4. *JAKE SPRING* ( )
5. *RESET* ( )
6. *NO NAN DID SAVE US* ( )
7. *FANCIED IRE* ( )
8. *FEE-SAVER* ( )
9. *OH, BE CARVED!* ( )
10. *MAYA LAND* ( )

a. GLENLO WOLF
b. TORB R. SOFTER
c. DIRK PUY DARLING
d. ALLARD GEPONEA
e. ORSON BANIE
f. JAMES H. DONLIFE
g. KASPER E. ASHE
h. CORY JEEKMIL
i. HAROLD M. TATNEW
j. JONNI THOLM

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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

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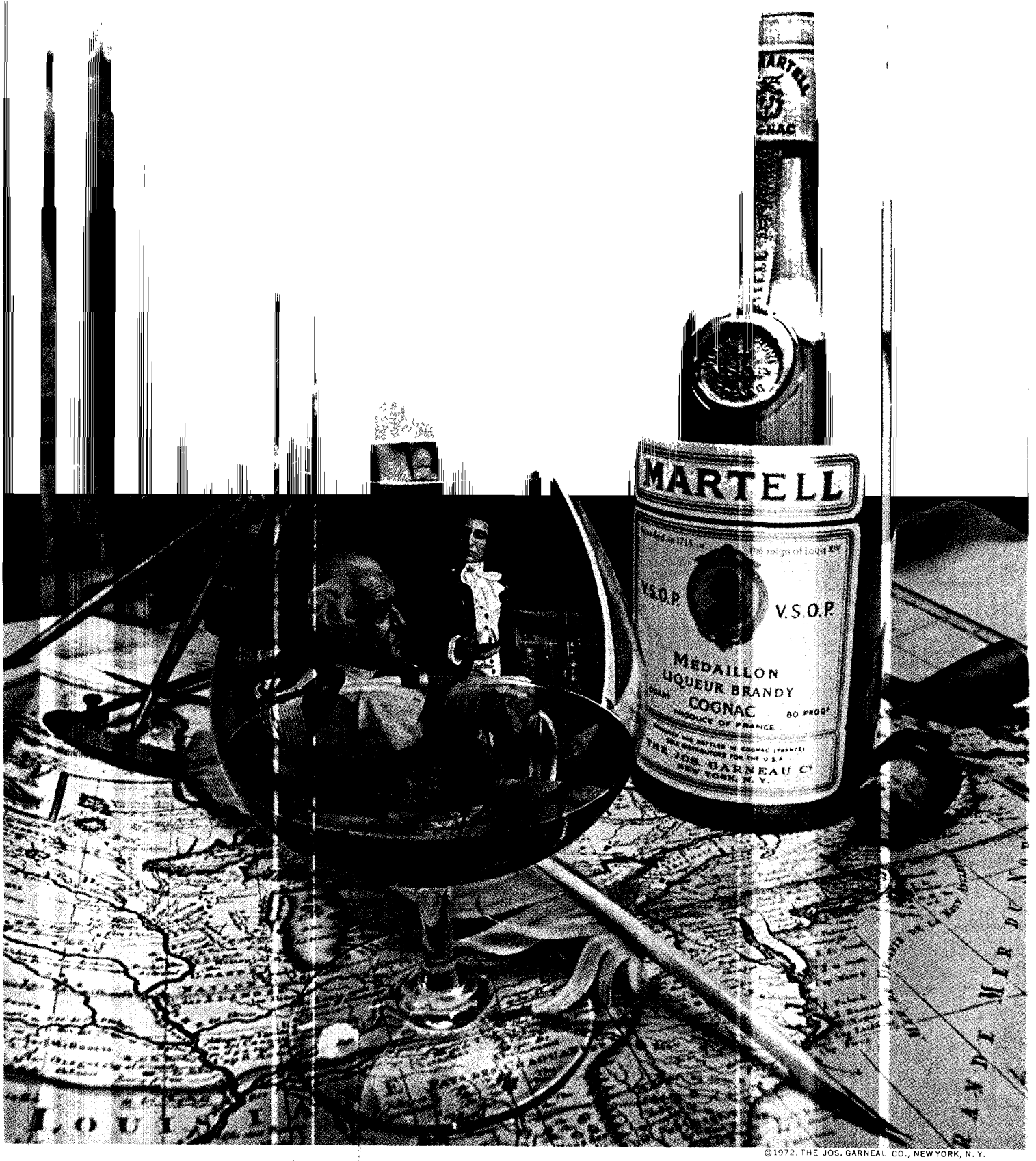

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In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General.

In turn, the young Frenchman may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For even then, men of distinction knew that making fine cognac, to the Martell family, was more an art than a business.

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be kind to the women who love him in their own wounded, crippled ways. Like Zadok in *The Estate,* Herman resolves to become a vegetarian, for "in their behavior toward creatures, all men were Nazis," he says. Masha sees the matter differently: "So why make so much of the word *Nazi.* We're all Nazis. The whole human race!"

There seems no way out of the labyrinth of remorse and betrayal. Where is God? Where was He during the holocaust? For Tamara, He does not exist. To Masha, He doesn't care. Their convictions, like Yadwiga's simple faith, are fixed marks. Herman wanders. Sometimes he curses God, sometimes he prays to Him.

Singer's novels are justly celebrated for their endings, for the spiritual relief that saturates them and promises to resonate forever. No relief this time: Masha kills herself, Herman disappears, and Tamara is condemned to go on, barely surviving. Only Yadwiga, who is a Jew by conversion and who gives birth to a daughter, rises above circumstances she does not comprehend. For Singer, clearly, the questions grow simpler and more difficult to answer.

BERKELEY JOURNAL
Jesus and the Street People—
A Firsthand Report
by Clay Ford
Harper & Row, 109 pp., $4.95
THE JESUS PEOPLE
Old-Time Religion in the
Age of Aquarius
by Ronald M. Enroth,
Edward E. Ericson, Jr., and
C. Breckinridge Peters
Eerdmans, 249 pp., $5.95
A TIME TO BE BORN
by Brian Vachon, photographs
by Jack and Betty Cheetham
Prentice-Hall, 139 pp., $8.95;
paperback $3.95
THE JESUS TRIP
Advent of the Jesus Freaks
by Lowell D. Streiker
Abingdon, 128 pp., $1.95

Reviewed by David Poling

The bumper sticker on the beat-up Volkswagen ahead of you says, "Honk if You Know Jesus!" The motorcycle kid in the next block has a white cross painted on his black jacket. The girl in the five and ten wears a Jesus Power button. On campus free doughnuts are passed around by young people "witnessing for the Lord." And while it started in the pads of San Francisco and on the beaches of Santa Monica, the Jesus movement is national and international, for the sign in Mexico City says simply: *Jesús Si*!

A full shelf of books on the topic is now available, covering almost every aspect of the movement that began in late 1967—and, yes, out of California. New Yorkers plugged in with the appearance of *Jesus Christ Superstar* on Broadway, but many astute observers put this down as a commercial rocket, bound to fade when the fad is over. But are the Jesus people a fad? Are they some hot fashion that spun out of the

David Poling writes a weekly syndicated newspaper column on religion.

WIT TWISTER NO. 281

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

They — — — — — — through life as though the road were straight,

And never asked if they were — — — — — — well.

A final — — — — — — led downhill. Too late

They recognized the one-way street to hell!

A. S.

(Answer on page 59)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1997)

(BERNHARD) GRZIMEK:
AMONG ANIMALS OF AFRICA

Fire holds a powerful attraction for all birds which live on insects, lizards, frogs, snakes, and other small creatures. Storks, marabous, bustards, eagles and buzzards all flock to the scene from far and wide to hunt the lesser game that have to flee from the flames.

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antiwar movement, a sunset to the hippie world that is disintegrating in so many directions? They do occupy a large middle ground for young people who are weary of the drug/sex scene and are still waging combat with the established institutions of American culture.

In their thoughtful and well-researched book, *The Jesus People: Old-Time Religion in the Age of Aquarius*, Ronald M. Enroth, Edward E. Ericson, Jr., and C. Breckinridge Peters probe many of the major questions asked of the movement. They combine on-the-scene reporting with mountain-top reflection to produce a stimulating examination of the Jesus community. In one chapter the authors note the fashion surge of so many "Jesus" products, more aimed at the traditional church than at the serious participants within the movement. "Most products appeal to the organizational Christian," they write, "but the movement itself is slowly being engulfed by hucksters. New clothing, new posters, each more stylish, each more clever than its antecedents, continue to appear, and being a right-on Christian, at least outwardly, is becoming more expensive all the time."

The Jesus People questions the fad-celebrity action that dances around all popular, public experiences.

> Instead of Surfers for Peace, Bikers for Peace, Karate for Peace, and Ham Radio for Peace, one now finds Surfers, Bikers, Karate, and Ham Radio for Jesus. . . . Blatant sensation-seeking comes from fading Hollywood stars. *Screen Stories*, a crypto-confession pulp magazine, recently ran a picture-studded exposé titled "Mia Joins but Liz Won't." It listed Johnny Cash, Terence Stamp, James Fox, Pat Boone, and Donovan as "stars who are rushing to get saved."

A Time to Be Born combines the text of Brian Vachon with the photographic skills of Jack and Betty Cheetham and offers some good shots of the Jesus freaks in action, at prayer meetings, at surf baptisms, and in street encounters up and down the California scene. For this reviewer, what is most telling in the book is not a photo but an interview with Martin "Moishe" Rosen about his conversion to the Jews for Jesus group. Material like this may send Sammy Davis, Jr., back to the Baptist Church.

Another convert from the Jewish faith, Lowell D. Streiker, editor, columnist, and assistant director of Chicagoland Youth for Christ, has put together *The Jesus Trip: Advent of the Jesus Freaks*. Streiker knows the fundamentalist world, the vocabulary, the slogans that count. He moves easily and surely in the wild arena of the Jesus freaks, with a wary eye for phonies, hustlers, and thrill seekers. He seems to have touched base with every active group and is not hesitant about judging the sincerity and effectiveness of each. The book includes an impressive array of illustrative material drawn from the many underground publications that churn out of the movement. On the ideological front, Streiker asks an obvious but important question: Will the Jesus freaks and the fundamentalists get together? Probably not, he says. Their habits, hair style, language, and world view are all too jarring for the Sunday morning church-around-the-corner folk. And "to the eighteen-year-old Jesus freak even the piety of the fundamentalist independents is too staid, too dogmatic, too intellectual for his supercharged, hyperactive, turned-on generation." And he adds: "As for Billy Graham, the Jesus freaks believe that he sold out to the establishment"—this despite the fact that the Graham crusades attract considerable numbers of young people who would be grouped into the category of Jesus freaks.

Berkeley Journal: Jesus and the Street People—A Firsthand Report has a lot going for it since it is a personal account of one young pastor who lived in a coffee house just off Telegraph Avenue. Clay Ford spent the summer of 1970 in the trenches for the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and he apparently had the capacity to be in touch with everyone along the avenue without getting sucked into the dirt, filth, drugs, and depressions that seem to be choking so many California nights.

The book conveys a sympathetic understanding of the street people and the flourish of many secular groups competing for the affection and loyalty of youth today. One of Ford's more harrowing encounters was with a Satanist leader in Berkeley who draped himself in black leather and called himself Mal and tried to break up an evangelical meeting by shouting obscenities. Ford takes the Satanists very seriously indeed and believes all Christians should do likewise.

> Many people in Berkeley and elsewhere [he writes] are toying with Satanism, witchcraft, ouija boards, seances, and spirit communication. When they discover it works, they become more involved in it. That it works, there is little doubt; that it is evil, is even less doubtful. . . . I am deeply concerned for those who wander innocently into these things and become swallowed up in them. They are playing with fire, and fire destroys.

At the beginning of this century there was an onrush of new titles that revolved around the life of Jesus. Mostly they were theological essays on the life and ministry of Christ. Then Albert Schweitzer wrote his landmark *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. He identified the search and seeking as emotional as well as intellectual, sensing the needs and yearnings of many today. His conclusion is fitting here:

> As one unknown and nameless He comes to us, just as on the shore of the lake He approached those men who knew not who He was. His words are the same: "Follow thou me!" and He puts us to the tasks which He has to carry out in our age. He commands. And to those who obey, be they wise or simple, He will reveal Himself through all that they are privileged to experience in His fellowship. . . .

SEEN THROUGH OUR EYES
edited by Michael Gecan
Random House, 240 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

In his recent *The Greening of America*, Charles Reich told us how America was to be saved—not through rebellion or moral suasion, but simply through the coming-of-age of thousands of young people endowed with Consciousness III, a new and transforming attitude toward life. At Yale Reich taught a course entitled "The Individual in America," in which he spread the good news of Consciousness III and from which, by means of autobiographical essays, he derived further evidence of that phenomenon. *Seen Through Our Eyes* is a selection of eighteen such essays out of hundreds written for that course, presented "to our parents" so that we older Consciousnesses may discover where it's at in the new world.

The reader's first reaction will have been one of *déjà vu*. Is this really a college literary magazine from the Fifties? One essay describes the pain of having to help Dad work on the lawn every Sunday. One takes us to Dallas to play basketball; we find that Dallas is full of mean bastards. One tells us about working for the Post Office and being hassled about long hair. One reveals that some social workers are insensitive. A girl tells how teachers embarrassed her because of her high intelligence; another discovers that homosexuals are capable of love: "Loving is loving whether you are gay or straight." Several students reveal that

J. D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

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adolescents are often lonely, that blacks suffer from discrimination, that Yale students are different from ordinary people, and that ordinary people sometimes resent them. *Déjà*, as I said, *vu*: These egocentric, rather self-indulgent students (unexposed by teachers more discreet than Reich) have surely been around for thousands of years.

There are four exceptions among the eighteen, however. William Boly and the editor offer intelligent and sensible essays, the first of which destroys many of Reich's claims for Consciousness III. There are also two very mod essayists. One writes to "Dear Mom and Dad" from a commune to clue them in on the mystique of it all, using every cliché he can lay hands on. It's an essay calculated to send Mom and Dad up the wall—self-contradictory, semiliterate, foggy, and smug: "No one can expect to find ten or twenty people who they can love like a spouse at their first try," he tells them. "And no one should be condemned for trying over and over again until he finds such a group." Another aims the same qualities of mind at his own quivering sensibility: "Shame is purple in color. I said that because purple seemed to come to mind. My brother is color-blind. He cannot see reds and greens the way someone in a book said he should see them."

The collection offers little evidence of Consciousness III, but it still might sell. This is a book to delight the heart of every Harvard man.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1516

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1516 will be found in the next issue.

UTS NVMM QSBRWN RX UTS MRYS WY EX SOSXU RL KTSX RU DSELSL UW JS XSKL EXN TEL XWU JSZVX UW JS TRLUWBA.

UTWPEL TEBNA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1515

Most of us don't know what we want and spend our lives wondering why we don't get it.
A. H. Glasgow

How would you like to go back to school?
Not just any old school, the kind you wish you'd attended—One where they . . .

Believe in the young—
and care about them
Encourage the creative arts:
music, drama, art, dance, film
and photography
Have an exciting academic
program
Treat students as people
Live in the country—
with Boston as a resource

You may be too old—but how about an adventure for your children? We're interested in bright, active students who will respond to challenge and who want to be involved, to do things. Give us young people with some drive, some love of life, some curiosity and we'll give them the best years of their lives.

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1d: *The Bells*, Edgar Allan Poe; 2j: *Paradise Lost*, John Milton; 3a: *Evangeline*, Longfellow; 4e: *King Jasper*, E. A. Robinson; 5h: *Trees*, Joyce Kilmer; 6g: *Venus and Adonis*, Shakespeare; 7b: *Fire and Ice*, Robert Frost; 8f: *Sea Fever*, John Masefield; 9i: *Dover Beach*, Matthew Arnold; 10c: *Mandalay*, Rudyard Kipling.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 57: toured, routed, detour.

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Theater

A Princely Rain

BY HENRY HEWES

Over the past several years there have been no more consistent talents in the American theater than Stacy Keach, James Earl Jones, and Colleen Dewhurst. Because all three rose to prominence in New York Shakespeare Festival productions, it is appropriate that producer Joseph Papp has reassembled them for a distinguished revival of *Hamlet* at the free open-air Delacorte Theater in Central Park.

The first performance of this *Hamlet* that I saw began under a threatening sky. It proceeded to a point near the end of the first act when a light drizzle set in. Umbrellas appeared in the audience, and an announcement was made that the performers were "holding" for five minutes. The rain continued, but to the delight of the audience it was announced that the performers were "still holding." Then the rain stopped, the stage was mopped, and the performance was resumed.

Instead of marring the evening, this sharing of vicissitude with the actors brought everyone together. Then early in the second act a much heavier rain commenced at just about the time Hamlet was saying, "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog. . . ." Pausing before the word "sun," Keach pointed up at the stormy heavens in bemused desperation, and the audience laughed and applauded. A minute later, when it was announced that it was raining too hard to go on, our appreciation of the company's efforts to play despite the slippery stage compensated for our disappointment.

In a way it was most fortunate that this particular performance of *Hamlet* was not completed. For in it Keach was offering us an exasperatingly inadequate Hamlet, whose father's death appeared to have left him so depressed that he hadn't the energy to be angry at his mother for remarrying so quickly. His words came slowly, and his readings broke up the flow of the verse with odd emphases. Often when he feigned surprise at the obvious, he seemed more like Hubert Humphrey being homey and naïve than a prince with a tragic vision. In response to the news that the late King of Denmark had been murdered, Keach's "O my prophetic soul!" sounded more like "Oh, dear me." And perhaps because he was so constantly and unnecessarily translating meanings to us with inflections and descriptive gesturings, his performance seldom touched his personal emotions or ours.

The next evening at the Delacorte turned out to be a whole new ball game. It was as if Keach had swallowed an acting pill and had decided to discard his game plan and play more recklessly. Overnight a sick Hamlet had regained much health and vigor, and an inadequate revival had changed into a commendable and spirited rendering of Shakespeare's masterpiece.

Here was an alert Hamlet, impatient with formalities and eager to find something genuine and lasting in life. Although some of the previous evening's flaws remained, they mattered less to us because they mattered less to the actor. What emerged was a very likable prince who gradually becomes reconciled to the impermanence of human relations. Keach seemed most deeply disturbed in his first scene with Ophelia, rising to a peak of emotion when he tearfully advises her, "Marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them."

Oddly enough, Hamlet's switch from sympathetic gentleness to bitter scorn in this scene is not triggered by his discovery that Ophelia has acted as bait so that her father and the King can secretly observe them. Instead it seems to be prompted by Hamlet's angry realization that Ophelia's father has stupidly caused a loss of beauty in their lives by ordering Ophelia to break off their relationship.

Keach is audacious and spectacular in the closet scene, when the unexpected reappearance of the ghost sends him reeling across the full width of the stage. He is adept at achieving Hamlet's quick thrusts of ironic humor, even getting a laugh when, right after learning about his father's murder, he is asked, "What news?" and replies, "Oh. Wonderful." And, finally, his beautifully relaxed realization that "a man's life's no more than to say 'One'" establishes an equanimity that lends the bloody final scene a strange glory.

As Claudius, James Earl Jones is tremendous, revealing the King's lusty character from the outset. This he does, not only by his open amorousness with the Queen, but also by some man-to-man chuckling with Laertes as he gives him permission to return to France and enjoy all the wicked pleasures there. Jones is also marvelously cheerful at the beginning of the play-within-a-play scene, which makes his sudden lowering of his head to weep into his hands all the more effective. But best of all is his prayer soliloquy in which he courageously examines his guilt.

Colleen Dewhurst has chosen to play Gertrude as a woman helplessly in love with her new husband, no matter what he has done. This interpretation is convincing, but it gives Miss Dewhurst little opportunity to use her great strength. Indeed, her most effective moment is a sophisticatedly comic one in which she makes her comment, "The lady doth protest too much, I think," deliciously funny.

Barnard Hughes excels as a cantankerous Polonius who outwisdoms himself. And Kitty Winn gives us a green and sexually frustrated Ophelia. As a bonus, Papp has persuaded three actors currently playing leading roles in other shows to rush uptown and participate in the last act. Tom Aldredge (*Sticks and Bones*) and Charles Durning (*That Championship Season*) create a Laurel-and-Hardy kind of comedy as the two gravediggers, and Raul Julia (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*) is surprisingly good-natured as the snobbish Osric.

Ming Cho Lee has devised an abstract but handsome multilevel setting that can be rotated into a variety of positions. One of these, which suspends an actor fifteen feet above center stage, is both precarious and dramatic. Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are a rich and subtle blending of brown and black, highlighted by a Claudius in gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

Gerald Freedman's direction contains some nice touches. It makes great sense, for instance, to break up Hamlet's speech to the players by having him make his comments in response to their actual rehearsal mistakes. And he permits his performers a good deal of interesting and natural byplay. On the other hand, there needs to be a greater use of vocal timing and more structured rise and fall of speeches and emotions within scenes. Should this *Hamlet* be seen indoors at some not too distant date? I suspect so, even though a little rain did wonders for it this summer. □

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Portnoy Has His Complaint, I Have Mine

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

There were those who said you could never make a movie out of *Portnoy's Complaint*, and now that I've seen the film I'd say they were quite right. In his brief novel, Philip Roth used giddy and scatological prose to create an often hilarious literary *tour de force* around a distasteful subject. To be sure, some found the book pornographic (just as, I suspect, many will find the movie pornographic). But Roth's defenders, when pressed, could point to his humor, his fantasy, his sense of social satire, and his gifts as a literary craftsman; in Ernest Lehman's adaptation (with Lehman listed as producer, writer, and director), the only possible defense against the same charge would be the rather equivocal fact that none of Portnoy's sexual excesses is ever explicitly presented. Which is a little like tying fig leaves on all those statues of nudes.

While I hasten to add that I didn't find *Portnoy's Complaint* pornographic either as a book or in its celluloid incarnation, the film does open up plenty of other areas of artistic concern. It is, for example, woefully thin, with Roth's characters reduced to barely one-dimensional caricatures, much like the people in an ongoing television situation-comedy series. Alex Portnoy is simply an ambulatory libido, his session on the analyst's couch no more than a device to set his fantasies in motion. He admits to feelings of guilt, one gathers, because that's what the script says; what we see on the screen, however, is the most cheerful and wholehearted lecher since James Bond. And with The Monkey, a fashion model single-mindedly devoted to sexual experimentation, as his constant and compliant companion, Portnoy would seem to have precious little to complain about.

His parents, those strategic figures in the formation of Alex's guilt fixation, are even more thinly imagined. Despite the formidable talents of Lee Grant, her fussing, nagging, overly protective Mrs. Portnoy resembles nothing so much as a slimmed-down Molly Goldberg, concerned solely with what her son had to eat at school, who interprets his frequent flights to the bathroom as necessitated by galloping diarrhea. Her husband (Jack Somack) is no less obsessed by his massive and incessant constipation. Never before has a movie been so fascinated with bowels and bladders.

Nor do the performances help. Richard Benjamin, as the afflicted hero, displays all the vulnerability of a tank. His knowledgeable smiles, his smug asides, his entire aura of self-satisfaction suggest more the indefatigable seducer, a Priapus on the prowl, rather than an emotionally insecure young man given to masturbation fantasies. (The merest suggestion that his account of his sexual prowess might indeed be a fantasy is conveyed to the audience in a single, final shot.) And Karen Black, who has given many a resonant performance before, here provides little more than a provocative body, possibly because the script gave no hint whatsoever of what more might be desired.

Perhaps the oddest thing about *Portnoy's Complaint* is that, despite a good many laugh lines, one doesn't come away thinking of it as a comedy. The same is true—odder still—of the film adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his own play *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. With a minimum of "opening out," it remains the story of Barney Cashman (Alan Arkin), the proprietor of a mid-Manhattan fish restaurant, and his Wednesday afternoon encounters with a trio of accessible (more or less) females in his mother's apartment. Barney, married and in his forties, wants to taste "life"—and "life," somehow, becomes equated with sex.

Portnoy's mother complains.

Certainly there is a validity here, but Simon steadfastly refuses to explore its implications. Instead he turns his restaurateur, always with the smell of fish on his hands, into a laughably inept seducer, skulking through his mother's lobby in fear lest he be recognized, bearing in the attaché case a bottle or two of booze and glasses purchased from Bloomingdale's for the occasion. (The possibility of a hospitable midtown hotel apparently never occurs to him.) More importantly, he makes of each of the women a freak, a grotesque. The first, Sally Kellerman, is a married woman frankly and simply out for an extramarital, onetime thrill. Why she chose Barney for this defies understanding, and their tryst ends frustratingly for both. Miss Kellerman, incidentally, with her bitter lines and incessant search for a cigarette, provides the film's sole larger-than-life portrayal, and she is sorely missed once the apartment door closes on her forever.

The second, Paula Prentiss, is a pot-smoking would-be actress and singer, whose rendition of "What the World Needs Now" is convincing proof that she will never be either. Barney's main concern is to get rid of this ding-a-ling—and, in view of Miss Prentiss's embarrassingly amateurish performance, the audience is wholly on his side. Dramatically, the final encounter, with Renee Taylor, a fortyish housewife who learns that her husband has been cheating on her, should have provided the depth and understanding that would lead to a satisfactory resolution for Barney. Instead it moves on the shrill level of a vaudeville skit, climaxing—as does *Portnoy*—with an attempted rape. Its conclusion, with Barney phoning home to his wife to meet him at his mother's apartment, is neat enough as play carpentering, but on the human level it suggests just one more unsatisfactory afternoon.

I think that, basically, this is what I miss in both pictures—any awareness that the characters they are giving us might really be human. Instead they have been quickly sketched and set in motion by puppeteers and manipulated in ways that their creators hope will prove clever and profitable (and not necessarily in that order). But comedy, as we all know, comes from recognition, and all the bright lines in the world won't lend warmth to a script if the heart is cold. □

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Nielsen in Minneapolis; Boito in Cincinnati

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, are known as the Twin Cities, but the sign under which they were born must have been something other than Gemini. The Mississippi River is narrow in Minnesota, but the currents that separate the two cities run deep. St. Paulites could not understand why any visitor to the area should want to stay in a hotel in Minneapolis. Residents of Minneapolis, who took the choice of a hotel for granted, didn't enthuse about a visit for the purpose of viewing a presentation by the St. Paul Opera.

The self-justifying reason for the visit was not only the first performance in America of an opera by Carl Nielsen but perhaps the first performance outside of Denmark of the opera called *Maskarade*. It was not merely a courageous but a public-spirited enterprise for the company of which George M. Schaefer is general manager and Igor Buketoff musical director to apply itself to this long overdue venture in the O'Shaughnessy Auditorium on the campus of the College of St. Catherine.

"Long" may be construed in terms of more than half a century, for *Maskarade* was born in 1906. Thanks to the accelerated means of travel that have put Denmark hours rather than days or weeks from America, the special flavor the work emanates and the distinctive atmosphere it conveys are more congenial today than they would have been before "Wonderful Copenhagen" and its Tivoli Gardens became as well known to overseas visitors as they are now.

If anything typifies *Maskarade*, it is the lightness of mood, the indulgence of human foibles that make an evening at Tivoli unforgettable. Derived—however distantly—from a work of Ludvig Holberg, it projects a time (1723) when masquerades were as much a passion in Copenhagen as waltzes became with the Viennese a century-and-a-half later, or costume balls were in New York at the turn of the century. The situation evolved from Holberg's tale is almost too simple. A young man born to wealth has found, at a masquerade, an unknown love. This arouses his father's ire, for he has already arranged a marriage with a socially desirable female, whom the son has not yet seen. Anyone who hasn't guessed that the accidental lovers and the preplanned betrothed are two and the same doesn't deserve even standing room at *Maskarade*.

It is Nielsen's special accomplishment to weave around the predestined climax—the moment, in Act III, when custom calls for masks to be removed and identities to be revealed—a web of musical sorcery that casts a spell of its own. *Maskarade* will never replace *Fledermaus* as the summation of mistaken identities and marital cross-purposes, but it builds, on an orchestral score of uncommon sophistication, a summation of the unmelancholy Dane.

From the vantage point of 1906, Nielsen calls upon much that had been simmering in various comic plots and operatic pots during the prior half century: the sparkling dance sequences of Smetana's *Bartered Bride*, the orchestral humors of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, and the pulsating rhythm of Verdi's *Falstaff*. Nielsen's appreciation of their qualities marks him as a man of taste, but the results communicate the clear message that Nielsen was blessed more with a musical heart than a theatrical mind.

There is an abundance of lovable music in *Maskarade*, beginning with the well-known overture, which was performed with rousing verve under Buketoff's direction. Some of the expressions of love by Leander, romantic son of a prosaic father, are wistfully expressive, as are those of his self-chosen sweetheart, Leonora. When they discover that they are, indeed, their fathers' choice as well as their own, Nielsen draws upon his poetic powers to convey a retrospect of first, requited love that transcends time or place.

For all of the compulsion of these episodes and the steady stream of vivacious dance music, there is a good deal in even an abbreviated *Maskarade* (as this one was) that does not travel well. Those are the episodes in which Nielsen was addressing a Danish taste in a local way.

It was, indeed, one of the distinctions of the wholly American, and mostly young, cast that it rendered substantial justice to such Danish types as the foxy servant Henrik, beautifully played by the rising baritone Robert Currier Christesen, and the conspiring fathers, performed by Gimi Beni, who also wrote the highly singable English text, and Matthew Murray. Mary Beth Peil added to her favor with the St. Paul audience with her sweet-sounding Leonora, and Clifton Ware was an admirable counterpart as the Leander who found a mate, though seeking only a sweetheart. Others who excelled in the secondary roles were Nancy Williams, whose voice and comic sense were ideal for Leander's flirtatious mother, and James Atherton as the oafish servant Arv. The O'Shaughnessy Theater is a beautiful, smallish (1,800-seat) environment for the listener, if less favored for those on the stage side. Its deficiencies of space were admirably mastered by Lois Bewley, who not only designed the costumes and directed the action but also danced in a ballet that she choreographed, and by Judith Haugan, whose settings evoked a bit of old Copenhagen. The underwriting was provided by the Gramma Fisher Foundation and the National Opera Institute in cooperation with Mrs. DeWitt Wallace.

On the following evening an audience that filled Cincinnati's Music Hall to its capacity of 3,637 for a performance of Boito's *Mefistofele* pronounced the auditorium's conversion into an opera house a huge success. Not only did the extensive stage rather dwarf the admirable production designed for the New York State Theater of Lincoln Center, but the broad, deep orchestra pit suggested room enough for *Ring* or *Elektra* personnel. And the booming sonorities of a New York City Opera cast headed by Norman Treigle (Mefistofele) and Carol Neblett (Margherita, Elena), with alumnus John Alexander making an honorary appearance as Faust on behalf of the city in which he received his musical education, resounded freely under the energetic leadership of Julius Rudel. The Corbetts, who did so much to regenerate the auditorium as well as to make possible the production of *Mefistofele*, received a pair of "free" silver, lifetime tickets to all events in the Music Hall. Cost: about $3,500,000 each. □

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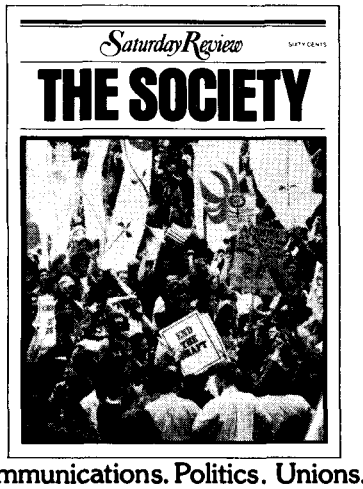

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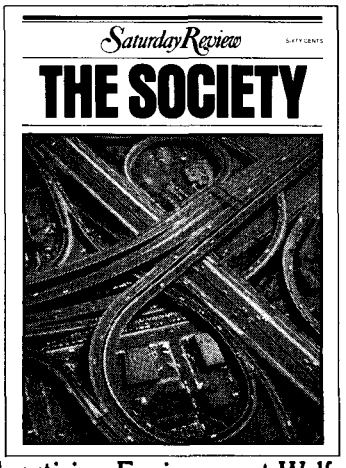

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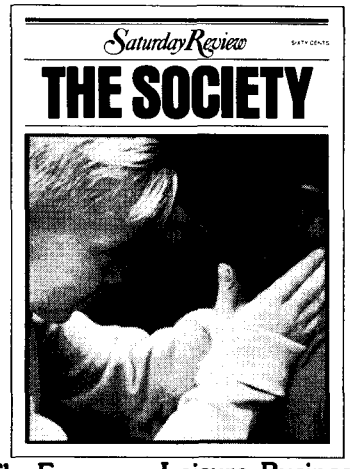

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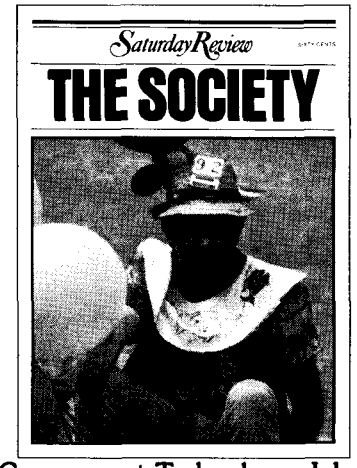

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Dance

Ballet: On the Civic Level

BY WALTER TERRY

DALLAS, Tex.—One of the most beautiful ballerinas of the past thirty-five years is Nathalie Krassovska, now on the verge of retirement because of a chronic leg ailment. All true balletomanes will recall that for many years she was a star of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (long the leader in ballet in America), of London's Festival Ballet, and of other companies. She was celebrated for her dancing in ballets by Michel Fokine, who personally coached her in such works as *Les Sylphides* and *The Dying Swan.*

Fans waited for her incredibly sustained balances, for delicate floating *bourrées*, and for those whipping, spinning fouettés that would carry her in a precise diagonal across an entire stage. She wore soft toe shoes for the balances and hard ones for turning. Once, in a show I was hosting that featured Krassovska as the classical ballerina, she came up to me and said, "Valter, vitch you vant tonight in *Don Quixote*, turrrnings or bah-*lahances*?" I said, "Natasha, this is the Chicago Opera House. Couldn't you do both?" There was a pause. "Da, I poot different shoe on itch fooot." She did, and she was a smash.

Today Mme. Krassovska, whose mother and grandmother were members of the Russian Imperial Ballet (her father was a Scotsman), is passing on her ballet knowledge, exact technique, stylishness, and performing know-how to boys and girls in her studio here in Dallas. I attended a dress rehearsal of her Ballet Jeunesse, which has performed with some frequency throughout the state, and I was amazed at its level of accomplishment, higher than that of many provincial civic ballets.

Her students are well schooled, and she has been able to impart her secrets about balletic virtuosity to many of them. One of her young male dancers has already been engaged by George Balanchine for his New York City Ballet, and a fourteen-year-old girl, Cameron Basden, has my vote as a prima ballerina of tomorrow—unless she changes her mind and heads for a home and husband. She already has Madame's *aplomb*—I'm using the word in its ballet context—and her command of all manner of turns, including multiple pirouettes and double fouettés.

Nathalie Krassovska—passing along her knowledge, technique, and style.

The basic Ballet Jeunesse program is romantic in theme, classical in style (although there is a short, and excellent, modern work by Norman Walker), very pretty to look at, and Russian schmaltzy.

Long-devoted Krassovska admirers will be surprised that their performer has turned into a choreographer. She is by no means an innovator, but she is a shrewd craftsman, and her own Chopin ballet is lovely, indeed, and her setting for the outrageous *Walpurgis Night* is fun without being funny, just nicely corny. She is now an American citizen—a Texan, too—but she remains gaily Russian. Don't you think that a breakfast combining corn flakes (pronounced "flex") and black caviar, which I watched her eat one time in a Chicago restaurant, is a rather winning union of two cultures?

Dallas, of course, has many other dance enterprises. One is the Dallas Civic Ballet, directed by George Skibine, former artistic director of the Harkness Ballet and onetime ballet master of the Paris Opera Ballet. I saw the Dallas Civic with the Dallas Symphony at the Fair Park Band Shell. The dancers were attractive, and it was clear that their training had been correct, but they seemed more amateurish as performers than Krassovska's young charges, and certainly the program that I saw would never win a prize for choreography, except for Skibine's *Annabel Lee*, originally created for his brilliant ballerina wife, Marjorie Tallchief.

But Lloyd Tygett's *Shindig*, a western ballet, would have affronted Agnes de Mille, bored Eugene Loring, and made Wagner think that his *Parsifal* was too short. Still and all, the Dallas Civic Ballet, at least at one seeing, appears to have possibilities on a modest community level. Both Krassovska and Skibine have brought to Texas a vast knowledge of the highest achievements of Russian ballet, a continuing taste for Russian recipes, pronounced Russian accents, and a dedication to American ballet in the hinterlands. Skibine, indeed, has gone beyond the call of duty. Miss Tallchief, his wife, frequently visits her relatives on an Osage Indian reservation in adjacent Oklahoma (as does her equally famous ballerina sister, Maria), but Marjorie speaks only English and French, with a bit of Russian. Her Russian husband, however, has learned Osage. Could this be what we, in America, mean by "melting pot"? Texans, Indians, boyars—it all works and beautifully. □

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Phoenix Nest

The Crackowe and Others

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Very few of my friends, I find, have ever heard of a crackowe. If you know what a crackowe is, you need read no further. In fact, if you don't know what a crackowe is, you also need read no further. I think, however, you will wish to know.

For a moment, after writing the above, I forgot what a crackowe is myself. But now I remember. It is a good thing I remembered, because "crackowe" is not in any of the four dictionaries in which I looked it up. (Ah, now I have found it. Apparently it is also spelled "crakow.")

A crackowe is a shoe that was worn in the fourteenth century. The special feature of the crackowe was its pointed toe, which was so long that a chain had to be used to hold it up. The chain was usually held by the wearer of crackowes, though I suppose he could have had a lackey walk along and hold the chain, or chains, for him. He probably could afford such a functionary, since crackowes were worn by persons of wealth and of high position. Indeed, they were a status symbol in the Middle Ages.

I am glad I live today, when I do not need to hold up my shoe points while I walk. You have heard feet slangily described as "dogs," as in "My dogs are tired" (or even dog tired). Perhaps this goes back to crackowes, which must have looked like a couple of dogs on a leash. "Methinks I shoulde take my crackowes out for a walke," they probably said in Chaucer's day.

If the crackowe seems a bit odd as footwear, consider the duckbill. The duckbill, in the time of Queen Mary of England, got wider and wider, a little like neckties today, as the fashion (and the duckbill) spread. There is no telling to what breadth the duckbill would have gone had not a law been passed limiting the width of its toe to six inches. Even that, you will agree, was on the wide side, but at least the toes weren't cramped.

Why the law was passed, I do not know. It may have been that people who did not wear duckbills complained that they were getting stepped on. Or it may have been hard for two people in duckbills to pass on a narrow stairway or sidewalk. Or perhaps ducks were getting jealous.

I should like to mention one other shoe, the chopine. The chopine was a wooden shoe with an iron ring to help its wearer lift his feet from the mud. People have been lifting themselves by their bootstraps for centuries, but this isn't easy, and some fall flat on their faces. There would be an advantage in having an iron ring in the middle or up near the front of the shoe.

The crackowe and the duckbill somehow have little appeal, but I rather like the chopine. As one who is often called an old stick in the mud, I might find that iron ring handy. I could either get myself out of the mud with it or throw it at people who say such things.

Richard Armour

Shocking Things People Say

One-worders:

W. C. Fields, when asked what he enjoyed reading most.
Obituaries.

Mae West, when asked what her favorite hobby was.
Sex.

Dr. William A. Nolen, famous surgeon, when asked, during the first operation he ever performed, to make an incision in the belly of the patient.
Where?

Boswell, when asked what his favorite subject was.
Myself.

Christopher Lovejoy

Song for a Weight Watcher

I am fat
You are thin
What a fix
We are in
We can love
If you choose
(I will gain.)
(You will lose.)

Harvey Jacobs

MS

Mr.—Sir, you cur,
We have hisses
For the Mrs.
And the Misses;
For the Ms.,
A kizz.

John V. Vatet

Meanies to the End

The magic scene of children sleeping,
Hugging pillows in their dreams
Now that their souls are bare,
Puts me to shame and nearly weeping,
Mulling those unmagic schemes
I used to get them there.

Charles Ruffing

"Do we have to exchange wives? Couldn't I just give you mine?"

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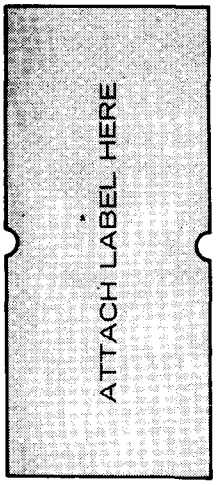

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

No. 1998

DEFINITIONS

A. River flowing from Ft. Wayne, Ind. to Lake Erie

B. First name, WORD C

C. Prominent Am. gambler, murdered in a card game in 1928

D. In India, an enclosure to trap wild animals

E. Inactive volcano on Mexico-Guatemala border

F. Eng. mathematician and philosopher (1861-1947; "Process and Reality")

G. Heatless

H. Mediate; beg or plead in behalf of another

I. Where H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N got his education (2 wds.)

J. Ductless gland used as a sweetbread

K. Ancient weather-god of Semitic origin

L. Mess, fright, monstrosity

M. Edifying, educational

WORDS

28 40 85 109 131 149

154 179 187 203 23 57

80 108 129 151 164 189 5 24 56

111 153 176 191 3

9 29 83 95 118 137

150 165 186 10 20 33 60 73 88

117 143 169 190 7 48 62 101

122 133 168 194 43 157 11 31 47

67 163 185 2 17 25 175 46 63 81 121

192 19 52 116 144 171

59 66 106 124 167

195 69 75 86 115 145 166

173 181 140 159 198 128 147 32 39 74 91

DEFINITIONS

N. Frenzy of emotion, as for something unattainable

O. Eng. mariner (1565-1617) commander of early voyages to Va.

P. Two-headed monster who guarded Geryon's cattle; Hercules killed him

Q. Pseudonym of Henry Jones (1831-99) Eng. card game expert

R. (Of a ballet step) joined with the feet interlocked

S. Hazy, vague, indistinct

T. Poisonous

U. Mosey, saunter

V Visigothic king of Spain (554-67), father of Brunhilda and Galswintha

W. Action; deportment

X. Give an account of

Y. Ancient and medieval heavy catapult

Z. Ornament of floral forms in a flat radiating cluster

Z¹. Hates

WORDS

138 178 141 161 90 120 36 77 92 172 135

64 70 6 197 132 183 41

42 53 100 119 94 16 65

158 188 78 97 204 38 8 54 102

105 160 177 15 202 51 79

82 112 14 99 162 182 27 44

45 152 196 184 21

200 37 96 130 142 125

49 58 72 110 30 55 148 170 61 123

98 146 193 13 4 126 22 50

104 199 134 156 18 26

139 174 127 35 103 114

113 12 71 93 4 136 1 180 76

68 84 107 87 155 89 201

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 Z		2 I	3 D	4 W	5 C		6 O	7 G	8 Q	9 E	10 F	11 H	12 Z		13 W							
14 S	15 R	16 P	17 I		18 X	19 J	20 F		21 T	22 W	23 B	24 C	25 I	26 X	27 S	28 A								
29 E	30 V	31 H		32 M	33 F	34 Z		35 Y	36 N	37 U	38 Q	39 M	40 A	41 O	42 P	43 H	44 S							
	45 T	46 I	47 H		48 G	49 V	50 W	51 R	52 J	53 P	54 Q		55 V	56 C	57 B		58 V							
59 K	60 F		61 V	62 G	63 I	64 O	65 P		66 K	67 I	68 Z¹		69 L	70 O	71 Z		72 V							
73 F	74 M	75 L		76 Z	77 N	78 Q	79 R	80 C		81 I	82 S	83 E	84 Z¹		85 A	86 L	87 Z¹							
88 F		89 Z¹	90 N	91 M		92 N	93 Z	94 P	95 E	96 U	97 Q		98 W	99 S	100 P	101 G	102 Q							
103 Y	104 X	105 R	106 K		107 Z¹	108 C		109 A	110 V	111 D	112 S		113 Z		114 Y	115 L	116 J							
117 G	118 E		119 P	120 N	121 I	122 H	123 V	124 K	125 U		126 W		127 Y	128 M		129 C	130 U							
131 A		132 O	133 H	134 X	135 N		136 Z	137 E	138 N		139 Y	140 M		141 N	142 U	143 G	144 J							
145 L	146 W		147 M	148 V	149 A		150 F	151 C	152 T		153 D	154 B	155 Z¹		156 X	157 H	158 Q							
159 M	160 R	161 N	162 S	163 I	164 C	165 F	166 L	167 K		168 H	169 G	170 V	171 J		172 N	173 M	174 Y							
175 I	176 D		177 R	178 N	179 B	180 Z	181 M		182 S	183 O	184 T	185 I	186 F	187 B	188 Q	189 C	190 G							
191 D		192 J	193 W	194 H		195 L	196 T	197 O	198 M	199 X	200 U	201 Z¹	202 R	203 B	204 Q									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 57 of this issue.

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Is corruption killing the U.S. Army?

Edward King thinks so. Col. King spent 20 years "playing the game" as a career Army man. As he rose through the ranks, he had an opportunity to see first-hand how corruption and excessive ambition among officers is producing granite-hard brutality and mud-soft morale.

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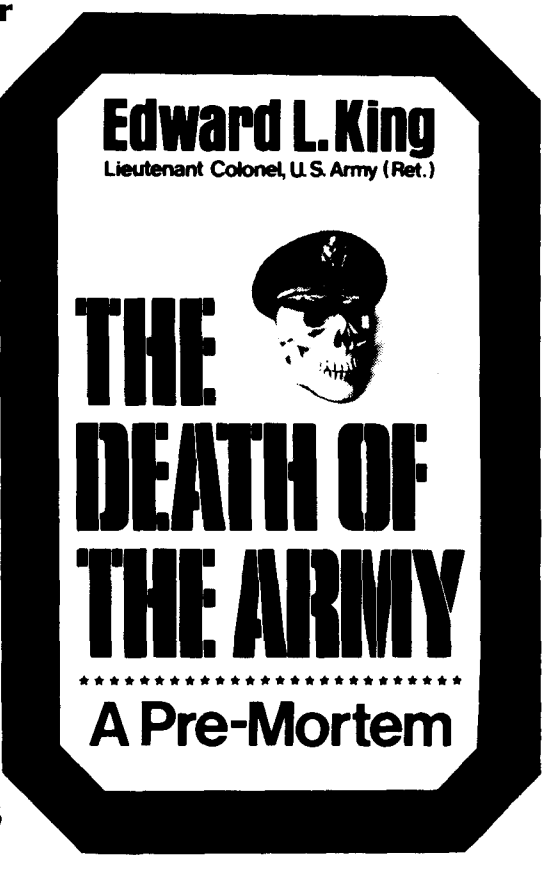

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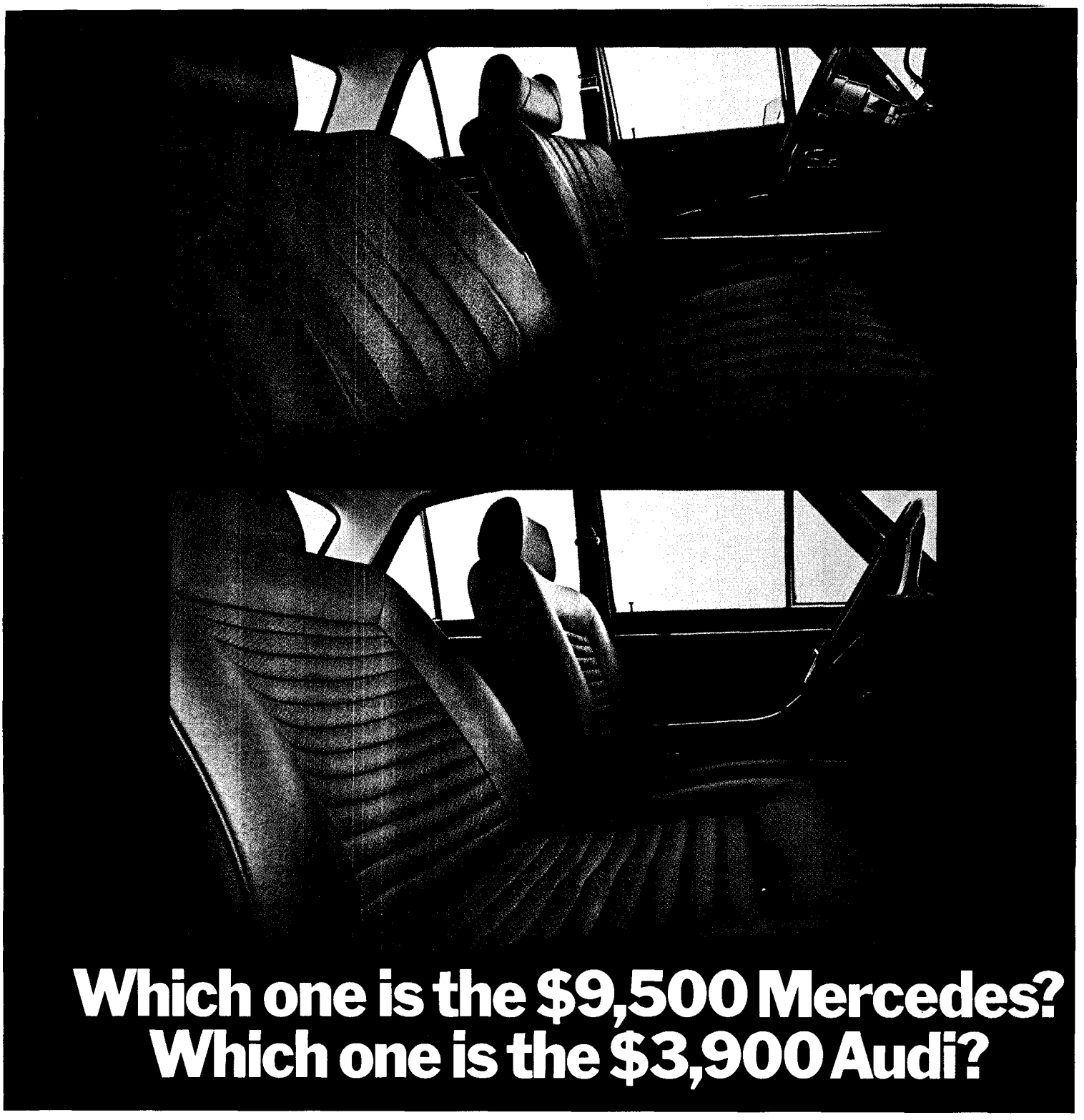

Which one is the $9,500 Mercedes? Which one is the $3,900 Audi?

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The one on the bottom is the Audi 100LS.

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